


DECEMBER,

1883.

**ARTHUR'S**

**ILLUSTRATED**

**HOME MAGAZINE**



**Vol. LI.**

**T. S. ARTHUR & SON,**  
**PHILADELPHIA.**

**No. 12**

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The Brochè is the best woven Velveteen Brochè in the market.

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# FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER, 1883:

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. [Limited].

FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' WRAP.

FIGURE NO. 1.—A jaunty novelty in short wraps **arms**. A band of fur edges the sleeves and also the entire wrap, and is continued up the closing and around the neck outside a high standing collar.

is here exhibited as made of brocaded Ottoman, with a bordering of beautiful fur. The back is gracefully inclined to the figure by a curving center seam, and joins the fronts on the shoulders, its skirt portion at each side being all in one with the front. A bust dart slightly fits the front, and hooks and loops make the closing to about the waist-line, from which the fronts round away. Plaits turning upward in the lower part of the center seam drape the wrap in handsome ovals at the sides, drawing the front edges of the front jauntily apart and lifting the back quite high over the bustle. A large sash-bow of wide satin ribbon is fastened over the plaits, with very stylish effect. The arms' eyes are quite large, and into them are sewed stylish Oriental sleeves, which fold upward underneath to form their own under- portions, and fall in ample drapery over the

Wraps of this description are especially beautiful to wear with velvet costumes, as they are light and short as well as exceedingly dressy. They may be made delightfully cozy by a lining of quilted silk or satin, bright-colored plush or any lining material. Fringe may be used for a border garniture with good effect. All varieties of cloths and cloakings adapted to the season are desirable for such wraps, and so also are Ottomans, velvets, brocades and similar textures. The pattern to the wrap is No. 8864, which is in 10 sizes, for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and its price is 30 cents.

The bonnet is a velvet capote, with a breast of brilliant plumage across the front and an aigrette at the left side. The ties are made of soft Ottoman ribbon.

FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' WRAP, NO. 8864 (PATENT APPLIED FOR).

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8884



8883

## GIRLS' COSTUME

(PATENT APPLIED FOR).

No. 8883.—This pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and is here developed in dark brown cashmere, with a blocked ribbon sash tied low down about the hips. For a girl of 8 years, it needs  $5\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 48 inches wide. For the sash,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of ribbon will be needed. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

## LADIES' COSTUME, WITH REMOVABLE COLLAR.

No. 8884.

—Plain and

## LADIES' WRAP

(PATENT APPLIED FOR).

No. 8869.

—The elegant wrap here



8869

brocaded velvet were used in making up this costume, and a plaiting of plain velvet, bands of fur and cord ornaments comprise the garnitures. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. Of one material for a lady of medium size, it requires  $14\frac{1}{4}$  yards 22 inches wide, or  $6\frac{1}{2}$  yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 40 cents.

pictured is made of Ottoman silk and beautifully decorated with bands of fur and *passementerie* ornaments. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will require 7 yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 3 yards 48 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 54 ins. wide. Price of pattern, 40 cts.



8877

Front View.

## CHILD'S CLOAK.

No. 8877.

—Garnet plush was selected for the present construction of this garment, and lace constitutes its pretty garniture. The pattern is in 5 sizes for children



8877

Back View.



8875

Front View.

## CHILD'S CLOAK.

No. 8875.

—The pattern to this cloak is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age, and is a dainty little fashion for silks, Surahs, cashmores, etc. For a child



8875

Back View.

from 2 to 6 years of age. For a child of 6 years, it needs  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 27 ins. wide, or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard 48 inches wide. Price, 20 cents.

of 6 years, it will require  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 27 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.





8876

*Front View.*

8876

*Back View.*

8874

*Front View.*

8874

*Back View.*

## GIRLS' COSTUME.

No. 8876.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for girls from 5 to 12 years old. For a girl of 8 years, it requires  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards 22 inches wide, or  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards 27 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 48 inches wide. Price, 30 cents.

## GIRLS' WRAP.

No. 8874.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for girls from 5 to 12 years of age. For a girl of 8 years, it requires  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



8899

*Front View.*

8888

## CHILD'S BONNET.

No. 8888.—The pattern to the jaunty-looking bonnet here pictured is in 8 sizes for children from 2 to 9 years of age. To make the bonnet for a child of 6 years, will require  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of material 22 inches wide, or 1 yard 27 inches wide, or  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 10 cents.

## LADIES' COSTUME.

No. 8899.—The pattern to this costume is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it will require  $5\frac{1}{2}$  yards of plain material and  $8\frac{3}{4}$  yards of figured goods 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of plain material and 4 yards of figured goods 48 inches wide, together with 1 yard of lining goods 36 inches wide for the skirt yoke. Price of pattern, 40 cents.



8899

*Back View.*

**8873****GIRLS' COSTUME**  
(PATENT APPLIED FOR).

No. 8873.—This pattern is in 10 sizes for girls from 3 to 12 years of age, and is here employed for velvet, with silk, ribbon and lace for trimming. For a girl of 8 years, it requires  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

**FIGURE NO. 2.—GIRLS' WRAP.**

FIGURE NO. 2.—This consists of Girls' wrap No. 8874. It is a very pretty and stylish outer garment for little girls, and may be worn over any costume, being sufficiently long to conceal the same. The pattern is in 8 sizes for girls from 5 to 12 years of age. To make the wrap for a girl of 8 years, will require  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 27 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

**8871****LADIES' DOUBLE-BREASTED COAT**  
(PATENT APPLIED FOR).

No. 8871.—The elegant coat here portrayed is made of velvet and plainly finished at its edges. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will require 4 yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard 54 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.

**8872****GIRLS' COAT.**

No. 8872.—This pattern is in 10 sizes for girls from 3 to 12 years of age, and is here shown as developed in velvet, with satin and buttons for trimmings. For a girl of 8 years, it will require  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards 27 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

**8868****MISSSES' DOUBLE-BREASTED COAT.**

No. 8868.—This coat is a handsome fashion for cloakings and cloths of all kinds, as well as for plushes, velvets and rich textures generally. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 18 years of age. To make the garment for a miss of 12 years, will require  $5\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or 4 yards 27 inches wide, or 2 yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

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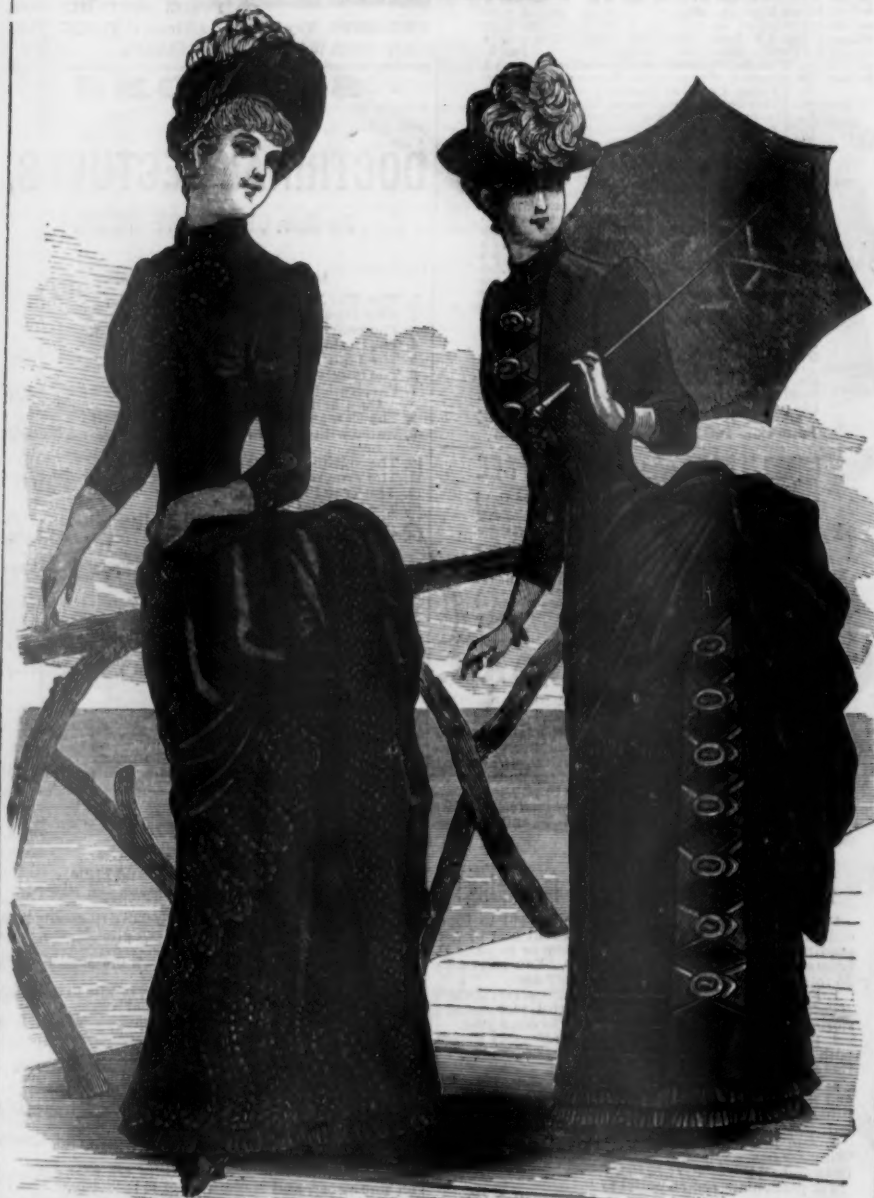


Fig. 1.—Walking-dress of golden brown Nonpareil Velveteen; the underskirt is edged with a narrow plaiting over which is arranged silk braid in long-shaped ornaments; the over-dress is trimmed to correspond in front, plain in the back a broad band of woven broché velveteen divides the overskirt on the sides. Jacket bodice trimmed to correspond with overskirt. Brown velvet bonnet lined with shirred satin, trimmed with lace and feathers.

Fig. 2.—Walking-dress of pigeon-gray Nonpareil Velveteen; the skirt is edged with two narrow plaitings; side panels of satin, over which are cut tabs fastened by steel buckles; the same trims the front of bodice. The drapery is arranged high on the hips, bouffant in the back. Hat of gray felt trimmed with velvet and feathers.



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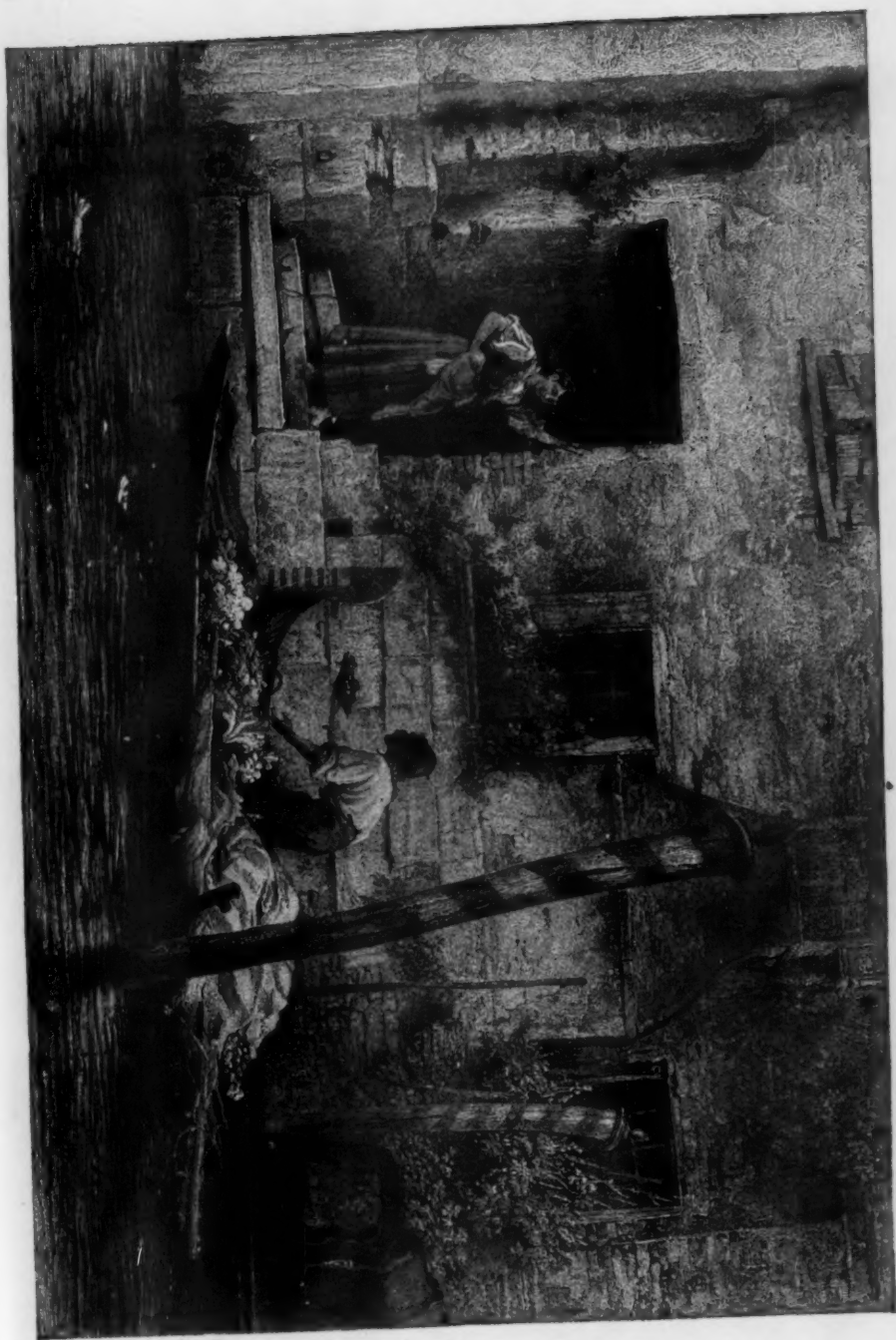
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# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. LI.

DECEMBER, 1883.

No. 12



ROME, FROM THE VILLA CORSINI.

## SHORES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN. ROMAN GALA DAYS.

**T**HERE is, perhaps, nothing in human conduct by which personal nature and character is more distinctly reflected than by choice or methods of amusement. As with individuals, so is it with communities and nations. The prevailing tastes and predominating passions of every age and race will, in these things, most unerringly express themselves. "Give me," said one, "the songs of a people, and I care not to ask what are its laws." With equal certainty not political only, but intellectual and moral advancement, may be predicated from whatever is created, contrived, or sought after as a means of entertainment.

No stronger proof or better illustration of this assertion is required than is afforded by the ancient

Greeks and Romans, the difference between whose tastes and dispositions as thus indicated we may pause a moment to contemplate, before considering a little more at length some of the popular diversions of the latter people.

The intellectual Greek derived his most exquisite enjoyment from intellectual sources, as painting, sculpture, and dramatic art; or from music, poetry, and oratory, as displayed in the celebrated Olympic contests. Athletic games and sports were, it is true, national institutions, but their chief attractiveness consisted in their subservience to the physical development and discipline for higher ends of the youth who took part in them. Even horse and chariot racing was enjoyed not so much as exhibiting the strength and speed of the animals driven as the agility and dexterity of those who rode and managed them.

But while the elevated Greek taste was most gratified with that which uplifted and improved humanity, that of the unrefined and unfeeling Roman luxuriated rather in the humiliation and misery of his fellow-beings. Warlike and war-loving, he sought the sight and scent of blood in his very amusements. Nothing less, it seems, than what the metaphysicians would term "idiocy of conscience" could have permitted him to go to such marvelous lengths in cruelty solely for the sake of pleasure. Witness the burning of Rome, the cause of which is usually attributed to Nero, who at least turned the appalling tragedy into an entertainment by making it serve him as a scenic representation of the destruction of Troy, even compelling his musicians to play to him upon the harp while he himself sang dramatic verses descriptive of the event.

With Nero and other of the Emperors cruelty was indeed a common pastime. Mental torture was a special delight with Domitian, who carried it to its farthest possible refinement. Archery, his favorite exercise, was wholly devoid of spice or flavor to this heartless monster except the target was placed in dangerous proximity to a slave or servant. Now it was held between the spread fingers of his hand, or dangled carelessly from his ear, or, perhaps, hung over the head of an infant held at arm's length by its own agonized mother. It is said that one day, desiring an entertainment of this sort more *recherché* than any he had previously conceived, he summoned to his palace a number of nobles and Senators, as if for some grand festivity. Instantly upon their arrival they were ushered into the banquet hall, which they found darkened, draped in mourning, and furnished with all the insignia of death. They were then—in strict silence, but with great ceremony—led, each to his open coffin, whereon he beheld not only his name engraved, but the date—that of the current day—of his decease. At a given signal, a band of men in frightful disguise then entered, and each, drawing his sword from its scabbard, proceeded to march around the seated company as the death dirge was solemnly chanted. Pale, dumb-struck, and trembling, they were thus detained until the Emperor had played his grim joke to his content, when, changing his countenance, he ordered doors opened, and indulged in loud and prolonged laughter over the hasty departure of his guests (?).

While we instinctively commiserate the subjects of such rulers, we are yet aware that instances even of such inhumanity as just narrated were by no means confined to the imperial household or personages. It ran through all the varied ranks and orders of the people, a statement abundantly confirmed by the fact of such vast multitudes having frequented those places of repairment where the most sanguinary scenes were

presented—scenes, too, which were, more often than otherwise, consummated by the event of death itself. Aspirants and candidates for office always found it politic to provide the people whom they wished to ingratiate with shows of this character on the most extensive scale. In time of war—when was it not a time of war with Rome?—so strong was the passion of the people for its excitements, that whenever a victory was gained, those who remained at home and could not, therefore, behold the actual conflict, were treated to stage-fights as real, if not as great, as those of the field, near or distant, on which the army had achieved its victories. Wherever Roman civilization radiated, there, even to the present day, may be found some sign or remains of those grand structures erected for those exhibitions which ministered to the Roman's savage lust of cruelty and wonderful capacity for its enjoyment.

In these great public entertainments of the Romans it was not the living only who were believed to be excited and gratified spectators. For the manes, or ghosts, of the departed there were stated occasions of festivity on which the brutal appetites of the living were equally gratified. The many and varied deities were in like manner regaled; and thus, in time, the feasts of the dead and living, of gods and mortals, became similar in character, and funeral rites and religious ceremonies were so shaped and directed as to yield the greatest possible delight to the never-satiated lovers of living tragedy.

Theatricals, though popular, were destitute of dignity or delicacy, and to them the sports and feats of the circus were always preferred. At length the great gladiatorial combats between men and wild beasts, and between men and even, sometimes, women, alone became the all-absorbing pleasure of the pleasure-abandoned City of the Seven Hills.

The unhappy beings who served as gladiators were mostly Roman slaves and criminals or captives of conquered nations. They passed through prescribed courses of training preparatory to their appearance in the public arena, and many of them acquired great skill in their art; some attained a great age and were even accorded high honors for their valor. Most of them, however, met death in its most dreadful forms.

This terrible oppression in the latter part of the first century provoked the servile insurrection under Spartacus, and being characterized by all the bravery born of desperation, it was with great difficulty suppressed by the army of Crassus. Spartacus, a noble Spartan, who had been a slave from childhood and who had "met upon the arena every shape of man or beast which the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and yet never lowered his arm," rallied his fellow-sufferers in that language which always characterized the



lofty and haughty spirit of his race, the precise words of which may not have differed greatly from those with which we are all so familiar: "O comrades! warriors! Thracians! if we must fight, let us fight for ourselves; if we must slaughter, let us slaughter our enemies; if we must die, let it be under the blue sky by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle!" The gladiator, a subject upon which, as we might expect, his fierce and gloomy genius would readily seize, has been portrayed with graphic fidelity by Lord Byron. A broad theme, too, for the brush and chisel, it has been treated with marked power by the painter and sculptor.

Another distinctive feature of Roman amusements was their great costliness and splendor. Strange incongruity, as criticised from moral standpoints, was the blending with their wildness and fierceness of the sweet and noble ministrations, we cannot say influences, of art. But, according

could be accommodated within all the cathedrals of England and of France."

The Colosseum was founded by Vespasian A. D. 73, completed by Domitian, and finally dedicated by Titus, the son and successor of Vespasian, A. D. 80. In its construction slaves and captives were employed, thirty thousand of whom were Jews. "It was built," quoting the above-mentioned author in his *Wonders of Ancient Rome*, "in the centre of the city, with a perfect recklessness of expense, and could accommodate eighty-seven thousand spectators around an arena large enough for the combats of several hundred animals at one time. It was of elliptical form, founded upon eighty arches, and rising to the height of one hundred and forty feet upon four successive orders of architecture. It was six hundred and fifty feet in length by five hundred and thirteen feet in breadth, and inclosed an area of six acres. It was built of travertine, faced with marble, and decorated with statues.



"TRIUMPH OF SCIPIO." (From the painting by Pierino del Vaga, in the Doria Palace, Genoa.)

to the laws of contrast, how well these things—pure, harmless, and elevating—must have served to make the low and horrible yet lower and more horrible to the depraved tastes and sensibilities of those who beheld them.

The great magnitude of Roman public entertainments likewise almost staggers one's credulity. We gain some distant conceptions of this as we contemplate the immense edifices in which they were attended. At Rome, where vice and extravagance of every sort culminated, these buildings were most numerous and most imposing. Of these, the Colosseum and the Circus Maximus are believed to have been the largest of their class upon which the sun had ever shone. The Circus inclosed a space around which four hundred thousand persons could be seated—"more," computes the historian, Dr. John Lord, "than are nightly assembled in all the places of amusement in London, Paris, and New York combined; more than

The eighty arches of the lower story formed entrances for the spectators. The seats were of marble, luxuriously cushioned; the spectators were protected from sun and rain by ample canopies and the air was refreshed by perfumed fountains; the nets, designed as protection from the wild beasts, were of golden wire; the porticoes were gilded, and the circles which separated the different ranks of the spectators were studded with gems, and all the furniture of the amphitheatre was of gold, silver, and amber."

At the inauguration of this building, which continued from ninety to one hundred days, no less than five thousand wild animals were slain and a host of gladiators perished. Storks and elephants fought, battles raged, the arena was flooded with water, and naumachia, or naval conflicts, also transpired. All around the entire outer circuit of the edifice ran two corridors, from which the lower ranks of the people could pass immedi-

ately to the seats assigned them, the plebeians always occupying the upper tiers or zones, while in the lower apartment, corresponding to the dress circle of our modern theatres, sat the patricians. What a surging sea of humanity the crowded Colosseum! If it is some high, grand gala day, the Emperor himself presided upon his gilded throne. In gorgeous attire are present also the Senators and officers of State. The august generals and brave warriors, the proud knight, the wealthy and high-bred citizen, the priests, pontiffs, and flamens—and upon seats honored and conspicuous were “those holy virgins called Vestals.” There were elegant men, beautiful women,

the brilliancy of the victories or importance of the conquests achieved. Pageantry was a special feature, on the conclusion of which the citizens were feasted at sumptuous public tables and treated to unusual shows in the Cerci and amphitheatres. Scaffolds were erected in the streets, the Forum, and other open buildings for the advantage of viewing the procession as it moved along the Via Sacra toward the Capitol.

The people, arrayed in white, provided themselves with trumpets, and with garlands of flowers which they threw before the advancing pageant. The spoils of the war in which they had conquered, the trains of chained captives, the splen-

did chariots and horses of the generals and officers, with the army itself, sometimes a hundred thousand strong; the princes, nobles, and Senators, with the military of the capital, together with every possible device which could add glory and grandeur to the scene, made it one which baffles the power of the imagination to conceive. Now it is Claudius, who, returning from Briton, enters the Eternal City leading as a choice trophy the brave Caractacus, King of the fierce Silures, who for nine years, amid his mountain fastnesses, has resisted the invader. Again it is Aurelian, who brings from the east Zenobia, the beautiful Syrian Queen, with her magnificent wardrobe, her royal jewels and treasures, the plate and furniture of her palace, her Ministers of State, her court, her equipages, and her servants. Elephants, tigers, and hundreds of strange beasts, with every sort of curious and costly



ARCH OF TITUS AT ROME.

and graceful children. Silks rustled, jewels flashed; there were exchanges of greeting and good wishes, there was pleasant laughter and sweet voices, culture, politeness, chivalry—aye, and flirtation, simple, serious, dangerous, fatal. All the varied lineaments which we are wont to trace upon the features of humanity in vast assemblages like these are present in this one. Who could predict what are the elements of pleasure anticipated by the multitude in the forthcoming entertainments of the hour?

The day of all days in Rome was that of the triumph or celebration given to successful generals and commanders of the army. These were more or less elaborate and splendid according to

thing taken in that brilliant campaign, were exposed to view.

Another triumph day dawns upon the city. Expectancy in every quarter and upon all faces is unusually animated and intense. It will be a day of unparalleled splendor and jubilation. On this occasion Vespasian will enter Rome on horseback with his two sons. Behind them a hundred thousand captives will march, with mournful, despairing faces. And we shall know from what conquered and plundered city they have come, as in the light of the midday sun appears the golden table, the great golden candlestick, and the silver trumpets. Gentile hands will carry the Books of the Law of Moses, and, conspicuous in his humiliation

and wretchedness, we shall behold Simon of Gescia, led like a dumb brute with a halter about his neck to the Capitol, where he will be publicly scourged and afterward put to death. "O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Your country is desolate, your cities are burned with fire; your land, strangers devour it in your presence, and it is desolate, as overthrown by strangers."

Plutarch tells us that in the great triumph of Paulus Æmilius, on the conclusion of the Macedonian war, the pictures and statues alone taken from the enemy were borne upon no less than seven hundred and fifty chariots, and that this display occupied the whole of the first of the



BAS RELIEF FROM THE ARCH OF TITUS, REPRESENTING THE JEWISH SACRED VESSELS.

three days of that famous celebration. On the second day, in many beautiful wagons, was carried the armor of the Macedonians, all "furbished and glittering like the sun." Three thousand men next followed, bearing the silver coin of the country in superb coffers, four persons being required to carry each vessel. Others held up to view silver bowls, cups, and vases, and many richly wrought specimens of the silversmith's art, taken from this opulent and elegant people. The third day there was a similar exhibit of the golden treasures of the Macedonians, with the gold plate of Perseus, the captive King. A special chariot conveyed the imperial armor and the crown of Perseus, behind which followed his household, and lastly himself arrayed in mourning. After this were shown four hundred crowns of gold sent from as many Roman cities to Æmilius. "Then he himself came, seated in a chariot, magnificently adorned, clad in a garment of purple interwoven with gold, and holding a laurel branch in his right hand. All the army in like manner followed, some singing odes, others songs of triumph in praise of Æmilius, who was admired and accounted happy by all men, but unenvied by every one that was good."

And thus might we multiply descriptions of

those scenes, the like of which has never been beheld on earth before or since, which so impressively illustrate the pride and prodigality, as well as the strength, power, and resources, of the Roman people. We scarcely need to interpret as retributive those calamities, almost unequaled in variety and severity, which ultimately befell this cruel city. Fire and flood, earthquake, pestilence, and famine came, bringing their train of woes, and upon all the sun and stars of heaven yet looked down unpitifully, even as the festive Roman had himself gazed upon the distresses of his countless helpless victims. It was as if outraged Nature herself were taking a "Roman holiday" by avenging those who had soaked her fair earth with innocent blood and burdened so long her sweet, pure air with groans and sighs.

But terrible as were these special visitations, they were yet but small compared with those which followed as legitimate results of her awful sin and folly. Self-dwarfed, crippled, and weakened at last with her dissipation, she became an easy prey to the barbarous invader, who at length desolated and destroyed her. And so the mournful fate of this proud people teaches us on a grand scale a lesson, not less useful to individuals than to nations—the sad mistake of having no higher or nobler thought in our theory of life than self-gratification. In thunder tones the warning comes, to beware of those amusements which are based upon no law of love to God or of the rights and happiness of our fellow-men, or which subserve no high purpose even to ourselves. "Such pleasures," in the words of an expressive author, "smother souls with roses"—roses, we might add, whose thorns will pierce long after the sweetness, and fragrance of the flower shall have perished forever.

HARRIETTE WOOD.

TO SUPPOSE we can indulge the lower passions or appetites for a time, and then at our pleasure subdue them and lead a higher life, is an illusion which will dissolve as we approach it. Character is self-perpetuating; it uses all its materials, good and bad. None of them can be swept away or blotted out.

CERTAINTIES.—Life is full of uncertainties. It is of vital importance that we should learn to meet them wisely and bravely. Happily, there are also certain great certainties to which we may cling, and upon which we may safely rest. The eventual power of integrity, fidelity, and energy in work, the ultimate triumph of truth over error, the strong influence of love and sympathy to promote the welfare and happiness of our fellow-men, the undeviating effect of character upon life—these are certainties which will never fail us, and the more thoroughly we realize them, believe in them, and trust them, the more easily and patiently we shall be able to endure the uncertainties which surround us.

### MY FLOWER JOURNAL.

Plants and flowers of the commonest kind may form a charming diary for us, because nothing that calls back the remembrance of a happy moment can be insignificant.

GOETHE.

**W**OULD you read my journal of flowers? Look, in imagination, as I turn the leaves. The book is arranged with spaces for jottings by the way, pencil sketches, and pressed flowers. As I am not an artist, the sketches, like those of Mr. Clive Newcome when in love, are somewhat neglected. But the flowers—

"Voices from the silent sod  
Speaking of the perfect God,"

who shall duly estimate their worth and beauty?

On the first page we find moss which once swayed on Alpine heights. "It was almost beyond my reach," wrote the friend who sent it, "but, by a quick spring, I caught some shreds as they waved from the trees." Accompanying the moss was a rose, which I thus acknowledged:

Montanvert! mount of green, uprising high  
From fair Swiss plains and valleys deep,  
Where snow-born ice-rills vigils keep  
With chill of winter sea, 'neath summer sky.  
Cradled on height serene, this crimson rose,  
Flushed with reflect of Alpen glow,  
A touch divine, we may not know  
This art of color Nature's God bestows.  
We may but know that law supreme prevails  
From tiny germ to perfect flower,  
The brief exponent of a power  
That knows not rest or pause, yet never fails  
'Mid varying wealth of harvest to disclose  
The season's sweetest miracle—a rose.

The next page has clover—luck-leaf, tri-leaf, and bloom. On space opposite, in fine pen-letter, Saxe Holm's entire poem:

"I wonder what the clover thinks,  
Intimate friend of bobolinks?"

There are wild blue-bells from the land of the Dakotahs, grouped with that flower of fraternal love, syringa. Why fraternal? Ptolemy Philadelphus, King of Egypt, acquired celebrity because of his affection for his brother; hence, the syringa, dedicated to his memory, is known as the flower of fraternal regard.

Here is a group of buttercups. Browning calls them the "children's dower." And are they not, in manner, a legacy to childhood, a veritable emblem of riches?

Primroses and wild grasses! how well they accord. Is there not a mystic harmony between certain colors and classes of flowers, constituting each the complement of the other? One does not plant sunflowers and violets *vis-a-vis*, but that commonest of all vegetable joys, the grass, has a wonderful adaptability to all forms of flower growth. There are more than three hundred

species; thus grasses constitute about a sixth part of all the vegetables of the world.

Ferns and wild violets! How much of woodland life these few words suggest. Nowhere else in Nature is there more intense and varied beauty. Wonder not that Rosalind sought the forest of Arden—

"And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Pansies and sweet-peas recall us to garden-life, as it was from these humble violets the superb, saucy, "eye-sweet" pansies have descended. (How many adjectives might one, not inaptly, employ in the description of heart's-ease?) They are, perhaps, the most variable of all flowers, and, if not the most beautiful, are surely the most piquant. In the pressed group before me they have retained their colors and expression as if growing on paper—canary color shading to terra-cotta, maroon to brown and écarle, purple to old gold, white to pale yellow.

Wild rose and golden rod! You see I am partial to wild flowers; the home-beauties are with us always, in garden, window, or conservatory, but flowers of forest or stream usually commemorate some delightful walk, visit, or drive; in this way they journalize more readily than those of home-culture.

Pressed leaves, ivy, and smilax! The latter has not lost its glossy appearance and the ivy tints are perfect. We had about a quart of leaves, and it took so long to decide which should be used, they were all so beautiful.

Here is a group of flowers, ferns, and mosses from Los Angeles, Cal. No wonder they named it for the angels! only a clime worthy such cognomen could produce beauty of so rare a type. The friend who gathered and sent them, January 29th, said they were all blooming in gardens at that date, while here in Iowa we were suffering from the combined effects of a blizzard and snow-blockade.

The next page has some exquisite sea-mosses, so carefully pressed that their delicate hues and fibres are quite uninjured. I have only given an outline-sketch of about half the flowers, but one page I must not fail to mention.

A gentleman expected to visit Scotland soon, and our pastor's wife, a native of the Highlands, said to him, "Oh! bring me an oat-cake!"

When he came back, he said, "I did not bring you an oat-cake, but I brought bunches of heather."

"They are infinitely more welcome," cried the lady; "for I can bake a cake, but the dear heather recalls a world of reminiscence." She gave me a cluster of the two varieties; both retained their form and color unmarred and are richly suggestive of song and lore in Scottish history.

ISADORE BAKER.



## PERSIAN LADIES.

WE have before us a portrait of the wife, or chief one, of a Governor of a Persian province from a photograph taken by Madame Dieulafoy, a recent French traveler in Persia. Persian ladies have, from early ages, been noted for their physical beauty; but whether or not they can boast of a corresponding degree of mental grace is another question.

The account given by Madame Dieulafoy of her efforts to obtain this photograph is amusing, if not surprising. She was properly introduced to the Governor's lady and the latter's fair companions; this was easily managed, for the Frankish lady's husband had completely won the favor of the Governor. But the Governor's wife was suspicious of her new acquaintance; it was long before she could believe that M. and Madame Dieulafoy had not come to Persia to enrich themselves by robbery, and, in the absence of any other reasonable motive for doing so, she distrusted them. The Persians care nothing for art or science, know nothing of any of the live questions of the day; they exalt gold and silver above all things earthly, and estimate a man chiefly by the amount of money that he is able to steal. The French gentleman and his wife were not thieves; it was ridiculous to suppose they traveled simply for the purpose of seeing and making pictures—hence, they must be impostors.

But the Governor's lady was finally induced to sit for her portrait. Madame Dieulafoy, herself an adept at photography, arranged the camera and prepared for business. But, she tells us, when once her head was buried in the black curtain, her model and the other fair Persians seemed to forget her presence, so that it was only with difficulty that she succeeded in obtaining a satisfactory negative. The sitter *would* talk, and the artist could not help laughing at what she heard—that is, when she did not blush at a frequent indelicacy. "The most objectionable Latin," writes Madame Dieulafoy, "is chaste compared with the conversation of my amiable model."

This loquacious model was wiser and better informed than the ladies around her, and, while she sat, proceeded to enlighten the ignorance of her friends. This was a Frankish woman, she told them; Frankish women's husbands could not en-

tirely control them. Women in Europe were very unhappy, not half so favored as they themselves were; the men in Western countries actually made the women work. For instance, here was a woman who had to work; her husband could not keep her home, but he compelled her to take photographs. Their husbands would not treat them so. Some Frankish women were positively obliged to be writers and scientists, and, whether they believed it or not, there was really a woman in Europe who was a Shah!



The model's auditors met this last assertion with loud expressions of incredulity. But the Governor's lady assured them that she spoke the truth—this female Shah wore the uniform and epaulettes of a man and a general, rode at the head of her army, and had a beard!

After this there could be no doubt. If the Princess had a beard she was entitled to be a Shah, for the beard is the sure sign of royalty, and especially of the superiority of men over women. This explains, continues Madame Dieulafoy, why, in accordance with Oriental ideas, Hatazu and



some of the other old Queens are represented in sculptures and frescoes as wearing mustaches.

But now a very natural question arose: Had this woman Shah many husbands in her harem? Madame Dieulafoy could stand it no longer. She here interposed, and assured the childish chatters that Queen Victoria had no beard, had never had but one husband, and in her private life was a true, virtuous woman. Whether she convinced

them that Frankish women were not so generally unhappy, and that their husbands were not all tyrants, the narrator does not say. She has certainly succeeded, however, in giving us two striking portraits of the same subject. If the written one does not seem to correspond very accurately with the one photographed, the circumstance is only another illustration of the old truism that appearances are sometimes deceitful. H.



THE CAROL-SINGERS.

**T**WO sweet, fair faces on a Christmas night—  
Two pure girl-voices rich with such sweet  
tone

That listeners stand entranced and Time's swift  
flight  
Passes unknown.

Grandly the story of the Saviour's birth  
Is told by these sweet singers to the throng,  
Nobly the clarion-notes of "Peace on earth"  
Ring forth in song.

With voices all attuned to harmony,  
And hearts that rise and leap with every note,

The singers stand, and wild-bird melody  
Trills from each throat.

So sweet the song that every listener there  
Sees the glad story as in words of gold,  
Like some fair picture traced with wondrous  
care  
In days of old.

All hail! the glorious, Heaven-sent gift of song,  
Mighty to him who has and him who hears!  
The one great power enduring, ever strong,  
Through all the years!

## THE JAGUAR.\*

**B**OUNDING through the thick underwood that exists in the southern forest regions of the New World, the jaguar disturbs the shrieking fraternity of capuchin monkeys, which fly for life at the approach of the largest of the

animals are, however, perfectly distinct. The puma, attaining a length of body of about three and a half feet, resembles a lioness in appearance. It possesses a coat of reddish-brown color above and white beneath, although the young are marked with blackish spots during their early life. The puma is a quiet, voiceless animal, stealthy in all



cats inhabiting the American area. The puma (*Felis bicolor*) seems but a tame and mundane animal in comparison with the jaguar (*Felis onca*), albeit the former has been dignified with the name of "American Lion." The characters of the two

its ways, and generally springing on its prey from a tree, amidst whose branches it lies concealed. The jaguar, on the other hand, has a beautifully marked fur. Somewhat resembling the leopard of the Old World in the spotted character of its coat, the jaguar possesses the spots arranged in a more regular fashion than is seen in the Old World cat. Each of its rings or spots

\* *Wild Animals and Birds: their Haunts and Habits.* By Dr. Andrew Wilson. Cassell, Petter & Co., London, Paris, and New York.

is also seen to inclose several smaller spots, while in the leopard the spots themselves are grouped together in circles. The jaguar usually exceeds the leopard in size, and may attain a length of four or even four and a half feet. Many variations in color seem to exist in the jaguar species, and specimens have been described in which the fur was of a light yellow tint, instead of the usual fawn color; while, in a few cases, an albino animal has been met with, as in the case of the tiger itself.

This great American "cat" appears to be thoroughly aquatic in its tastes. Its usual resting-places are the banks of rivers or the margins of lakes, where, resting concealed amid the dense foliage, it can pounce upon the animals which seek to alleviate their thirst in the water below. From Louisiana and Texas in the north to the northern limits of Patagonia the jaguar may be said to reign supreme, and to represent in itself the majesty of the carnivorous life of the New World.

Mr. Darwin, writing of the habits of this American "cat," says:

"Falconer states that near the southern side of the mouth of the Plata there are many jaguars, and that they chiefly live on fish. This account I have heard repeated. On the Paraná they have killed many wood-cutters and have even entered vessels at night. There is a man now living in the Bajada, who, coming up from below when it was dark, was seized on the deck; he escaped, however, with the loss of the use of one arm. When the floods drive these animals from the islands they are most dangerous. I was told that, a few years since, a very large one found its way into a church at Santa Fé; two padres, entering one after the other, were killed, and a third, who came to see what was the matter, escaped with difficulty. The beast was destroyed by being shot from the corner of the building, which was unroofed. They commit, also, at these times, great ravages among horses and cattle. It is said that they kill their prey by breaking their necks. If driven from the carcass they seldom return to it.

\* \* \* The jaguar is a noisy animal, roaring much by night, especially before bad weather. One day, when hunting on the banks of the Uruguay, I was shown certain trees to which these animals constantly lean, for the purpose, as it is said, of sharpening their claws. I saw three well-known trees; in front, the bark was worn smooth, as if by the breast of the animal, and on each side there were deep scratches, or rather grooves, extending in an oblique line nearly a yard in length. The scars were of different ages. A common method of ascertaining if a jaguar is in the neighborhood is to examine these trees. I imagine," adds Mr. Darwin, "this habit of the jaguar is exactly similar to one which may any day be seen

in the common cat, as with outstretched legs and exerted claws it scrapes the leg of a chair; and I have heard of young fruit-trees in an orchard in England having been thus much injured. Some such habit must also be common to the puma; for, on the bare, hard soil of Patagonia, I have frequently seen scores so deep that no other animal could have made them. The object of this practice is, I believe, to tear off the ragged points of their claws, and not, as the Guachos think, to sharpen them. The jaguar is killed without difficulty by the aid of dogs baying and driving him up a tree, where he is dispatched with bullets."

If anything, the jaguar is somewhat more restless in its habits than the tiger, but it is every whit as stealthy. Kept in confinement, this animal exhibits a thoroughly restless and dissatisfied disposition. It has none of the calm majesty which characterizes the lion or the grace of the tiger itself, but appears to disagree with captivity and to pant, so to speak, for the freedom of its native haunts. But the jaguar, when taken young and accustomed from its youth upward to human society, may become as playful and as docile as a cat. One specimen kept on board ship literally "romped" with the crew and was regarded as a veritable pet by all on board.

The jaguar preys largely upon the monkeys which inhabit the forests. But the capuchin monkeys of the New World, and their neighbors, the howlers, along with many other species, are as agile in some respects as the jaguar itself. The pursuit of the monkey-prey is, therefore, anything but an easy task; for the agile quadrumana of South America use the tail as a fifth hand, and show, by the clinging or prehensile powers of the tail, a marvelous adaptation to an arboreal, or forest life. The only chance of the jaguar, then, to surprise the wary monkeys, is to watch his opportunity and to descend upon the colony when its members are asleep and resting in the fancied security of their elevated perch. Otherwise, the jaguar has no chance of coping with the activity of its superiors in the ranks of quadruped life. It may suddenly dash in upon the monkeys, taken unawares, and, with the quickness of its race, strike to right and left, dealing death to some of the surprised and maiming and injuring others, thus making up in its sudden onset for the lack of agility in the pursuit of the prey to the tree tops.

A very singular circumstance in the relationship between the jaguar and its prey is found in the apparent fearlessness of a small animal belonging to the pig family inhabiting South America and known as the peccary. This animal does not attain a greater length than two or three feet and exists in large herds. The eye-teeth of the peccary, like those of the pigs at large, form "tusks," and the peccaries especially

know how to use these tusks as weapons of offense to the best advantage. Even the hunter may have but a poor chance of escape if he unwarily allow himself to become invested by a herd of these fierce members of the swine family, of which the "white-lipped peccary" of naturalists (*Dicotyles labiatus*) is the best known and most ferocious species. Now the jaguar, powerful as it unquestionably is, seems to be no match for the collective

fury of the peccaries. Despising the size of their adversary, these little animals will make a terrific onset upon the carnivore, and will either kill him or wound him severely with their sharp tusks. Such a fact is all the more singular when we consider the apparent insignificance of the peccaries beside their great foe; and the proverb that union is strength may find in the facts before us a new and appropriate illustration.





### HINTS ON HAIR-DRESSING.

**T**HE hair is one of the chief accessories of the human face, and, so far as good looks are concerned, more depends upon it than upon anything else. Yet, though it has always attracted a great deal of attention, it has been treated with less intelligence than any other feature.

We read that in some countries the hair is shaved off or covered over; in some ages, that it was tortured into the most fantastic shapes and bedecked with the most ridiculous ornaments. But we have only to observe some of the methods practiced in our own land and day in order to pause and wonder.

It is not so very long ago when a lady's hair, to be considered elegant, must be as smooth as glass. All the loose ends around the forehead and neck were to be caught in and plastered down, a stray lock being thought almost as disgraceful as a white lie. No matter whether the roots were strained, the natural oil washed out, or the defects in the head and face exposed, the hair must be, forsooth! "decent." As though a woman's flowing tresses were a delusion and a snare, instead of a crown of glory.

How wicked some of our mothers and aunts were considered when they first ventured to supplement their own deficient hair by false. Art, major or minor, has always met with its full share of opprobrium, and artists have been called not only artistic, but artful. But the reign of false hair continued, until quite recently the opposite extreme was reached, and behold, every woman, old and young, with her head padded and puffed out to three times its natural size, while no hint is given of its true shape. Who does not remember the immense rolls and Pompadours?

When the present generation of young ladies were little girls they wore their hair cropped close like boys'. Long hair on a little girl was thought something akin to the mane on a wild horse. She might make ugly faces and say saucy things, but to be a properly trained and well-dressed little girl her hair must often feel the barber's shears—unless, of course, she had curls; then she was a small queen. But, alas! a miss of eight or ten with straight locks was considered troubled with some great defect, for which the only remedy was, Have it off and out of sight.

In countries noted for the beautiful tresses of their women, a girl's hair, from her early infancy, is never cut. It is moderately brushed and carefully braided, in two long "pig-tails." Little weights are attached to the ends of these to keep the separate hairs straight. The present fashion of allowing a young girl to wear her locks, either plaited or flowing, directly down her back, is one founded upon proper principles. It is the nature of hair to grow downward.

Ladies often make a mistake by combing their hair too high in the back. The hair, itself, wants to fall down; the hair-dresser decrees that it shall climb up at all hazards. No doubt, during the prevalence of the "waterfall" style, many women actually retarded the growth of their hair by persisting in this fight against nature.

To dress the hair properly, many things must be taken into consideration. Of these, the chief should be the shape of the head and face and the characteristics of human hair. Just now, the prevalent fashion is toward the extreme of simplicity, but this may be as much of an error for one person as too great elaboration for another. A lady with a thin face or a tall figure may well bear an added breadth; while one with a full face or short proportions may look well with a little increase in her apparent height. The former may wear a low coil, with fluffy front waves, showing above and behind her ears; the latter may be benefited by the addition of a few puffs on the top of her head. A lady with perfect complexion, bright eyes, and dazzling teeth, may afford to pass over her hair in comparative neglect, a simple twist sufficing for her; not so her friend with freckles and irregular features—she must make up with a display of luxuriant curls and braids, no matter what the fashion is. A certain irregularity in arrangement is more pleasing than a studied nicety; for hair, like water, will flow. No human head must carry any more hair than it can actually grow, neither must it show any deficiencies, even though this lack be made up by art. There is no objection to the use of crimping-pins or curl-papers; for it is more natural, or at least more natural-looking, for hair to wave and twine than not. Hot-irons are bad, for the reason that they dry the roots, causing the hair to fade and fall even when they do not actually singe it. Bangs or frizzes are becoming to almost any one, as they soften and partially shelter a face and have much the same effect as a vine with its leaves, which certainly adds a great deal to a plain rock or wall.

Age should be considered next. Any girl under seventeen may wear her hair as simply as she pleases, she need not desire to be a woman too soon. A braid across the top of the head sometimes adds five years to a young lady's age in appearance. Nor need an elderly woman at once rush into plainness. Because her hair is thin and white, she often gives up and begins to think she is old and ugly. But snowy hair, drawn up and surmounted by a crown of dainty finger-puffs, with the addition of, perhaps, a bit of rare lace, is lovely. Strange as it may seem, this arrangement really adds youth to a wrinkled face, and many an old lady, with her hair so dressed, looks really prettier than she did in earlier days. Any woman's hair may be beautiful if she will only have it so.

MARGARET B. HARVEY.



## DANCING IN NEW ENGLAND.

IN the old Puritanic days, of which Mrs. Stowe has written so much, dancing was regarded as an innocent amusement, in which even the minister could join. She says:

Whenever or wherever it was that the idea of the sinfulness of dancing arose in New England, I know not; it is a certain fact that at Old Town, at this time, the presence of the minister and his lady was not held to be in the slightest degree incompatible with this amusement.

We appeal to the memory of many of our readers if they or their parents could not recall a time in New England when in all the large towns dancing assemblies used to be stately held, at which the minister and his lady, though never uniting in the dance, always gave an approving attendance, and where all the decorous, respectable old church-members brought their children, and stayed themselves to watch an amusement in which they no longer actively partook.

No one looked on with a more placid and patronizing smile, as one after another began joining the exercise, which, commencing first with the children and young people, crept gradually upward among the elders.

Uncle Bill would insist on leading out Aunt Lois, and the bright color rising to her thin cheeks brought back a fluttering image of what might have been beauty in some fresh, early day.

As to Uncle Eliakim, he jumped and frisked and gyrated among the single sisters and maiden aunts, whirling them into the dance as if he had been the little black gentleman himself. With that true spirit of Christian charity which marked all his actions, he invariably chose out the homeliest and most neglected for partners; and thus worthy Aunt Keziah, dear old soul! was for a time made quite prominent by his attentions.

Of course, the dances in those days were of a strictly moral nature. The very thought of one of the round dances of modern times would have sent Lady Lathrop behind her big fan in helpless confusion, and exploded my grandmother like a full-charged arsenal of indignation.

As it was, she stood with her broad, pleased face radiant with satisfaction, as the wave of joyousness crept higher and higher around her, till the elders, who stood keeping time with their heads and feet, began to tell each other how they had danced with their sweethearts in good old days gone by. And the elder women began to blush and bridle and to boast of steps that they could take in their youth, till the music finally subdued them and into the dance they went.

"Well, well!" quoth my grandmother, "they're all at it so hearty I don't see why I shouldn't try it myself," and into the Virginia reel she went, amid

screams of laughter from all the younger members of the population.

But I assure you my grandmother was not a woman to be laughed at; for whatever she once set on foot she "put through" with a sturdy energy befitting a daughter of the Puritans.

"Why shouldn't I dance?" she said, when she arrived, red and resplendent, at the bottom of the set. "Didn't Mr. Despondency and Miss Much-afraid and Mr. Ready-to-halt all dance together in the *Pilgrim's Progress*?" And the minister, in his ample, flowing wig, and my lady, in her stiff brocade, gave to my mother a solemn twinkle of approbation.

As nine o'clock struck, the whole community dissolved and melted; for what well-regulated village would think of carrying festivities beyond that hour?

And so ended our Thanksgiving at Old Town.

## THE BALLAD OF BEFFANA.

[According to tradition, Beffana was a woman too busy with household duties when the three Wise Men of the East went by with their treasures to offer to the Infant Saviour to go out and see them, excusing herself on the grounds that she would have an opportunity of doing so when they returned. They, however, went home another way, and she, not knowing this, is still watching for them.]

"COME forth, come forth, Beffana!"

She hears her neighbors say,

"Come, up the road to Bethlehem

The Wise Men pass to-day!"

So busy was Beffana

She scarcely turned her head;

Here was the waiting linen,

The waiting scarlet thread.

Again they cried, "Beffana,

It is a glorious sight,

Three Kings together journey

In crowns and garments bright!"

Beffana saw the spindle,

Her hand the distaff held;

Her people's skillful daughters

As yet she had excelled.

Her husband's words must praise her,

Her children's voices bless;

She eateth in her household

No bread of idleness.

So, she made haste to answer,

"My house is all my care;

No time have I for strangers

Toward Bethlehem that fare!

"Ere yet the daytime cometh

I give my household meat:

Mine is the best-clad husband

That hath an elder's seat.

"And merchants know my girdles

And my woven tapestry,

The glory of my purple

And silk most fair to see!"

But now her kinsmen shouted,  
 "You know not what you miss!  
 There may be many pageants,  
 Yet none be like to this!

"Men say the three Kings journey  
 A wondrous thing to see,  
 A Babe born of a Virgin  
 Foretold by prophecy.

"Oh! come; behold, Bessana!  
 For speech may never say  
 The splendor on their faces,  
 The Kings that ride this way!"

Bessana still kept busy,  
 But lightly answered then:  
 "I will look out upon them  
 As they come back again!"

But all her friends and kinsmen,  
 In wondering delight,  
 Gazed, till the Kings so gentle  
 Had journeyed out of sight.

That eve Bessana's husband  
 Had sorrow in his gaze,  
 When of her work she told him,  
 Anticipating praise.

He did not quite upbraid her,  
 But out of ancient love,  
 He questioned, "Who hath profit  
 In laboring evermore?"

And spake of times for mourning  
 And times to laugh and sing;  
 Of times to keep or scatter,  
 Of times for everything.

And, sad, Bessana answered:  
 "My lord is right, but then  
 I surely will behold them  
 As they come back again."

Alas! alas! Bessana  
 Looked out from day to day,  
 They came no more, God warned them  
 To go another way.

And she grew very weary  
 Who had so much to do,  
 And never came the vision  
 That might her strength renew.

Bessana dieth never,  
 This earth is still her home;  
 Bessana looketh ever  
 For those who never come.

LOUISE V. BOYD.



A CHILD'S PORTRAIT.

From a Painting by Thomas Sully.



## THE DEAD LEAVES STREW THE FOREST-WALK.

THE dead leaves strew the forest-walk,  
 And withered are the pale wildflowers;  
 The frost hangs black'ning on the stalk,  
 The dewdrops fall in frozen showers.

Gone are the spring's green sprouting bowers,  
 Gone summer's rich and mantling vines,  
 And autumn, with her yellow hours,  
 On hill and plain no longer shines.

I learned a clear and wildwood note,  
 That rose and swelled from yonder tree—  
 A gay bird, with too sweet a throat,  
 There perched and raised her song for me.  
 The winter comes, and where is she?  
 Away, where summer wings will rove,  
 Where buds are fresh, and every tree  
 Is vocal with the notes of love.

Too mild the breath of Southern sky,  
 Too fresh the flower that blushes there;  
 The Northern breeze that rushes by  
 Finds leaves too green and buds too fair;

No forest-tree stands stripped and bare,  
 No stream beneath the ice is dead;  
 No mountain-top, with sleety hair,  
 Bends o'er the snows its reverend head.

Go there with all the birds, and seek  
 A happier clime, with livelier flight;  
 Kiss, with the sun, the evening's cheek,  
 And leave me lonely with the night—  
 I'll gaze upon the cold north light,  
 And walk where all its glories shone—  
 See—that it all is fair and bright,  
 Feel—that it all is cold and gone.

BRAINARD.



THE SILVER AND THE GOLDEN.

**S**NOWS of winter, white and tranquil,  
 When ye melt what shall appear?  
 Autumn's russet? That is bygone.  
 Then the spring is near!

Snows of winter, white and tranquil,  
 Swiftly passing in your hour.  
 Golden crowns must follow silver;  
 Wealth of fruit and flower!

Snows of labor, white and tranquil,  
 Soon ye too shall disappear.

Ye shall be among the bygoners;  
 Spring to you is near!

Snows of labor, white and tranquil,  
 Crown your faithful brow.  
 Ye are near the summer country;  
 Snows are melting now.

Calmly closes faithful service;  
 Silver crowns ye've won;  
 And the golden crowns shall follow,  
 God shall say, "Well done."

MARY HARRISON.



## A HEATHEN'S CHRISTMAS.

BERTHA REICHARDT'S fair face glowed with excitement as she leaned from the carriage and gazed with wondering eyes at the swift, changing panorama of the brilliant streets through which they were passing on the first Christmas Eve ever marked in her life of seventeen years.

The gray-haired, grave-faced man sitting opposite watched with the curious, critical air of a student with whom fact is more than a feeling the surprising transformations of a countenance which had always been to him a book of revelations, though requiring often the interpretation of a nature more spiritual and sympathetic than his own.

"This is a stimulation of a different sort from what we have known in our wild mustang rides through lonely cañons and mountain passes, is it not, my little girl? It pleases thee better?" he asked, with smiling interest in the effect of the heretofore untested influences of civilization.

The girl drew a long, tremulous breath.

"It is like wonderland. Is it really true, or only a tale of Arabian Nights, perhaps?" and she swept her hand across her eyes as though to dispel the illusions of a dream.

Paul Reichardt laughed softly between slow, delicious draughts of the cigar he was smoking with frontier freedom, studying his lovely daughter with a pride and fondness of admiration in striking contrast to his utter indifference to the scenes which were thrilling her with nervous excitement.

"You are not aware, my dear, how wonderfully becoming is this new and fashionable costume into which you have magically stepped since our arrival in the city," said he, viewing, with a kind of boyish amazement, the marvelous construction and exquisite adaptation of the costly fabrics he had ordered to the graceful, petite figure, hitherto seen only in simple, serviceable serges and flannels of severest fashion. "I half fear my little girl of the mountains is lost in the suddenly developed creature of style. And yet, how utterly unconscious she is of her newly sprouted plumage, the starling. Yes, yes," he added, with recollection of her wonder; "all that you see is real—as realities go. You are not dreaming, child. This is the world of which you have read in books. What think you?"

"I cannot tell," the girl replied; "I—I am bewildered. Is it a festival? The young faces look so joyous and expectant and there is such a delightful rush and tumult, as if all were hastening to a happy goal."

"All?" Reichardt asked, with cynical meaning.

A swift cloud dropped over the sunlight of Bertha's face.

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"There seems a sullen, sad undercurrent, with backward flow, I might fancy. It is like the feeling I have when I sit listening to the roar of the cataract," she said, as though the whole thing were a mental emotion; "and under the thunder I seem to hear the murmur of a still, small stream that unriddles all the mystery. If I could understand—But look! is not that a glimpse of fairyland indeed?" and she raised her hand before the windows of an elegant residence, through the rich draperies of which were revealed the loveliest of interiors ablaze with the splendor of a brilliantly lighted tree, about which circled a group of young people, whose delight seemed to find expression in the divine strains of music wafting with heavenly sweetness on the air. "What does it mean?" was Bertha's breathless wonder.

"A Christmas symbol," Reichardt explained, at the same moment stretching his gaunt finger at a trio of tattered and haggard-looking children, clinging to the balcony and staring, with eager, hungry, and hopeless gaze, at the luxury and loveliness beyond the plate glass.

Bertha gasped with a sudden stab of pain.

"I don't understand," she said. "What is Christmas?"

Paul Reichardt smiled with the thought of such inconceivable ignorance in a Christian land—ignorance which he, for his own, and to himself satisfactory, reasons, had striven as scrupulously to cultivate as another would labor to enlighten and remove. Left by the death of his wife in sole guardianship of his little daughter, he had taken her into closest companionship, and, making his passion for scientific study and observation, together with his interest in extensive land claims, an excuse for retirement to the solitudes of Nature, he had assumed so entirely the direction of the child's education and influences, that, while schooled in the highest principles of Christianity, she had been designedly held in total ignorance of its name and history; for Paul Reichardt pursued his investigation of spiritual mysteries with as fearless experiments on tender human subjects as he used with dumb and inanimate objects in the study of Nature.

"What is Christmas?" he repeated, after a pause, marking the girl's delighted study in a bazaar-window of an illuminated picture of the Holy Child smiling under the mellow radiance of the guiding star; "it is the day observed in commemoration of the birth of one who declared Himself the Saviour of the world," he explained, with all possible brevity.

Bertha turned on her tutor with wide, eager, questioning eyes.

"But you have never spoken to me of this wonderful being," she said, reproachfully.

"No," Reichardt answered, thoughtfully; "after you have read the Life which I shall



put in your hands to-night, I may tell you my reasons for so long withholding it," and he leaned forward with further directions to the coachman, who turned, presently, into more sombre streets. Gradually a marked change came over the spirit of the scene. The shadows deepened, the sounds grew more discordant and jarring, and the atmosphere seemed reeking with the taint of evil.

Bertha, shuddering, drew closer to her protector and subsided into silence. Curses and ribald jests of unknown meaning smote her ears with pain and filled her with shivering, nameless dread, while strange faces, scarred with the burning fires of sin, leered at her through the smoldering gloom of the narrow, filthy streets, where want and misery and degradation and despair on every hand made hopeless, heart-rending appeals to charity that would, yet knew not how to, help and bless.

"Let us go—let us get back to our own lovely home in the mountains," cried the suddenly heart-sick girl, with the tremor of a frightened bird; "I did not know the world was like this!"

"But it is Christmas Eve," said Paul Reichardt, with subtle meaning that she did not comprehend, as he leaned forward again to direct a swift retreat and return to his hotel.

When, a little later, Bertha was settled for the night in her own quiet quarters, he brought to her a small, unchaptered copy of St. Matthew's Gospel, with the charge to read and reflect according to the habit he had impressed on her as the aim and end of all reading which he placed in her hands, and she had been singularly restricted in her own selections.

It was long past midnight when she closed the book unheralded to her as sacred or significant, but perused with a breathless eagerness surpassing her usual interest in the biographies of heroes, philosophers, and poets, which had been submitted to her study and criticism with a care that, however exalted the character illustrated, there should be no allusion to the Christian faith and history.

The effect on Bertha Reichardt's sensitive and impressible mind was far more vivid and intense than if the story, with all its marvelous meaning, had been drilled in by labored lesson and life-long urgency of its claims, which she would have accepted, doubtless, as many do, without the mental effort of reviewing the faith taught.

The full glory of the Master's life upon earth, the absolute power of His teaching, breaking all at once upon a mind trained to the noble conceptions of duty and to the contemplation of lofty ideals, inspired an instantaneous sense of reality and left no space for doubt.

The student and experimentalist in his own flesh and spirit had no need to question the results of his test when he sought his daughter next morning. Her face was aglow with an enthusiasm of

faith, which communicated itself insensibly to the heart of the man who had questioned, weighed, measured, and found wanting, until he believed he had lost trust in everything but the constant and unrelenting laws of nature, beyond which lay he knew not what intangible, impersonal power.

"Ah! isn't it beautiful to know that God Himself lived our life and taught us what to do?" said the child, with simplicity, when she had reviewed with her father, as had been her habit, the wonderful events of the history he had last given her to read. "Why did you hold this marvelous book so long away from me, dear father? It must be old—the style is so quaint and simple, yet majestic and grand as the roll of the winds through the wooded cañons where I used to kneel and pray (to I know not what) that the unnamed Power of the Universe would reveal itself to me. You have given me no such study in literature as this, quite apart from the lessons in life that are written in letters of light."

"And what seems to you the leading lesson in this late-found revelation, my child?" asked Reichardt, intent, under the sting of reproach, on the fact he had schemed to develop.

"Why—the comfort of the poor, the healing of the sick, the bearing of this beautiful gospel to those in darkness and misery everywhere—don't you see?" she cried, in wonder at the question. "And I am so sorry we have wasted so many years in living to ourselves, papa! Think how much we might have done for those wretched people whom I just simply longed to escape last night, not seeing how I could help them!"

Reichardt smiled. How long would this fervor of love and charity abide when it came to fruitless striving with sin and the effects of sin?

"But you do not tell me why you have left me so long in ignorance of the Christ," persisted Bertha, bringing her master to judgment.

"Because I doubted, child," he answered, honestly. "It is eighteen hundred years since Christ left the lesson of His life on earth."

"So long?" questioned the girl, incredulously.

"And should you not think the world in eighteen hundred years must be in a measure redeemed from the evils that He denounced and His kingdom established fully among men?" catechised the skeptical instructor.

"Surely," was the wondering assent.

"Yet the same evils prevail to-day," Reichardt went on, "and are practiced less grossly, perhaps, but with more subtle and refined spirit, and therefore with deeper infringement of Divine Law."

Bertha looked at the speaker with vague understanding of the drift of his reasoning.

"I have wondered," he resumed, "whether, after all, the Christian faith of this generation is anything but an inheritance accepted, like other

beliefs and customs of civilization, without individual thought or question."

Still Bertha regarded him with troubled gaze, like a small fly caught in his spider's web of logic.

"And frankly, my child, I have made you the ground whereon to test the reality of a claim that I subject to the same laws of evidence that I would summon to the proof of any other unestablished fact. Holding you, as far as possible, unbiased by the slightest teaching in matters of religious faith, I have yet made you familiar with the noblest philosophers and the most sacred heroes of history, and I believe your open, unprejudiced mind is fairly disciplined for honest judgment of Christianity, which is believed to be the motor power of civilization and the sole regenerating influence of the world."

Bertha threw out her hands deprecatingly.

"Please don't involve me in your sweeping circle of doubts and investigations," she said; "I just know that I am satisfied without a question. There has been such a vast emptiness, such a bewildering mystery heretofore in place of God, but I felt sure there must be an absolute living Power and Presence that would not vanish like a mist at my appeal—and here I have found my ideal. To say that I *believe* would imply the possibility of doubt, would it not? I know that God lived this divine-human life, and everything is henceforth plain and clear."

Paul Reichardt looked at the beautiful, confident face with a glow of fire in his hardened, doubting heart.

"But I have been too hasty," he thought, smothering the kindling blaze under a cloud of ashes. "I should have refrained from giving her my reasons so early, and left her to find her own flaws in the faith, as I have left her to find its virtues. That would have been a truer test."

"Well," he said, "how do you propose to celebrate this day, which is regarded as the anniversary of the Lord's birth on earth?"

Bertha's bosom heaved with a breath of aspiration.

"I should like to observe it in just such works of love and mercy as He did, and make the whole world happy. Is not that what all Christians do on Christmas?" she questioned, with innocence.

"So far as I know," explained Reichardt, drily, "they celebrate the occasion by a grand sacrifice of turkeys and incense of plum-pudding, on which the prosperous dine sumptuously, while they review with more or less satisfaction and heart-burning the costly gewgaws and gimcracks which they have bestowed upon each other in acknowledgment—too often hollow—of the Divine love that hallows the day. And this reminds me, I have a gift for you—a 'Merry Christmas,' my true heart!"

Bertha opened with eager, tremulous fingers the

velvet case laid with a kiss in her hands, and lifted therefrom the thread of gold suspending a cross of precious opals, with central blaze of diamonds.

"An emblem of the Christian faith, dear," Reichardt explained, meeting her flashing glance of delight and wonder.

"But—but was not *His* cross of wood, my father?" she asked, with a thrill of pain.

"Aye, surely. But Christianity has evolved from the primitive instrument of torture a dangling gem of ornament like this," her tutor responded, with she knew not what undercurrent of meaning. "Put it about your neck, child. It is not the fashion to wear it for its significance. Would you like to go to church, my dear?"

"To church? What is that?" humbly inquired the unconscious heathen.

"A place where Christians worship," Reichardt returned, with savage enjoyment of the child's ignorance.

"Ah! let us go," she cried, eagerly.

And the curious investigator of religious truths, still seeking new developments, was glad to subject the sensitive nature of his charge to the most impressive ceremonials, finding nothing in all so touching as the face of the child glowing and paling as her soul rose and sank on the waves of worship—now bowed in penitent appeal, now sympathetically uplifted in reverent devotion, now rising with the swell of rolling anthems of joy and praise, in which she joined with the freedom of a bird newly arrived in a beautiful country, and singing, because it must, with overflow of love and gratitude, which is always harmony.

Only in passing out from the temple, with her tender, seeking eyes wandering over the elegant, seemingly self-satisfied congregation, the watchful critic spied a look of wonder and disappointment in the ingenuous countenance which held no secrets from him.

"Where are the sinners, my father?" Bertha whispered, as she slipped her hand on his arm at the door; "where are God's poor? Don't you think if they were brought in the pulse of the service here would be quickened?"

"Doubtless. But it would be well to consult the stockholders in this consecrated magnificence before venturing to introduce so inharmonious an element," Reichardt answered, as he conducted his daughter down the marble steps.

She looked at him with undefined fear of his meaning, and did not press for understanding.

"But let us go to those wretched people whom we passed last night," she said presently. "I have more courage to meet them to-day, papa."

"Don't you feel, my dear, that it would be more agreeable to celebrate your first Christmas with refined and high-bred Christians?" her father asked, solicitously.

"That is not as the Master did," the young follower said, with simplicity. "And don't you think, on this day of all others, we ought to try to live His life of love and blessing and self-sacrifice?"

"As you will, my Bertha. I am ready to co-operate with you in any work that you feel to be consonant with the spirit of the day," Paul Reichardt responded, loyally.

And for the first time in his life, finding excuse in the free greetings of the season, he gave himself heart and soul to a round of charitable visits, supplementing with his practical knowledge of ways and means the impulsive benevolence of his inspired leader. It was a delicate undertaking, but the tender human interest of the child-woman, combined with her vital faith in the Name she carried, lent her an almost divine power of approach which appealed with scarcely more force to those she sought with help and comfort than to the unbelieving man who followed her, amazed as by a later revelation.

But the undreamed need and destitution coming to Bertha Reichardt's knowledge in that day's experience smote her sensitive heart with poignant suffering.

"O my father!" she said, coming out of an abode of want and misery, whither the appeal of a little child had led her, while Reichardt waited outside the door, "this cross upon my bosom burns like a coal of fire!"

"You would like to dispense its value in Christmas gifts to the poor?" her father suggested.

"Oh!—may I?" she whispered, breathlessly. "But it is your Christmas gift—I should preserve it always. And yet," she added, thoughtfully, "what is it that He says about laying up treasures where rust will not corrupt nor thieves break through and steal? Do you remember?"

"Yes, make a heavenly investment of my gift, Bertha; it already blazes with the spiritual splendors that you have kindled," Reichardt answered, as she drew the cross from its concealment with joy in its beauty, yet with feeling that it was sunshine selfishly shut in and warming no heart but hers. "Let us take it back to the jeweler's, dear; he may not be able to see the intrinsic value it has acquired in your view, nor guess the Christ-like mission to which it is sacrificed; but with the instinct of his class to secure himself from loss, he will yet award you more than you seem likely to gain in its possession."

There was not an instant's hesitation in accepting this suggestion, and the nightfall found the precious stones of Bertha's cross transmuted to invalid and childhood comforts all along the line of her Christmas visits, which had been swift and surprising, as the dip of a beautiful bird that drops one rapturous strain of song and is gone.

"But there is one thing, papa, that I have for-

gotten," she said, with a flush of shame, when they were seated at home that evening. "I—I have not thought of a Christmas present for you."

"Indeed, but you have given me something without price, my true heart," Paul Reichardt said, reverently, kissing the hand laid on his—"a faith in God and a care for my fellow-man."

"Would you not always have had this faith if you had done the things that He said?" questioned the child, in innocent wonder.

A. L. MUZZEY.

### LOVE WAITED.

LOVE waited for the tender babe  
And yearned to hear its cry.

O earth-born folded softly in,  
We fear indeed to try  
The portal that is dark to us—  
The new birth we call death!  
Now hear, thou trembler, hear the voice  
That very sweetly saith:

"Love yearns for thee! love waits for thee!  
And fear not, O my own!  
For stronger arms shall fold thee in  
Than ever thou hast known!"  
And does it seem more strange to thee  
That love should yearn and wait  
Beside death's portal, than that she  
Was with thee when life's gate  
Was opened? Aye, love's prescience sweet  
Knew all the passing days—  
Knew of thy coming; it may be  
That in the untried ways  
Those wait for us who count the hours  
And know our hope and fear,  
Who know when to death's mystic gate  
A child-like soul comes near.

And though we cannot hide our fear,  
Nor yet our trembling lips,  
Nor bitter tears that well and flow  
And our soul-light eclipse,  
We pray with earnest heart that grows  
More tender every year,  
That sometime we may know that love  
"That casteth out all fear."

ADELAIDE STOUT.

If you would be happy, try to be cheerful, even when misfortune assails you. You will soon find that there is a pleasant aspect to nearly all circumstances—to even the ordinary trials of life. When the hour of misfortune comes, whether it appears in the form of disease or pecuniary loss, face it manfully and make the best of it. Do not nurse your troubles to keep them warm, and avoid that useless and senseless habit of constantly referring to them in your conversation.

## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

WE are often compelled to forego the luxury of present-giving, because we find there is a limit to our means. But "where there's a will there's a way," and where time represents no money value women can make most acceptable gifts at little expense. It occurs to me that, with Christmas before us, I may offer some useful hints on this score. To begin with a thought for the poor folk we have always at our gates. We may materially help them in their struggles for subsistence, even with trifles which are of little moment to ourselves. A warm counterpane, for example, can be contrived of strips of any woollen stuffs half an inch wide, stitched in lengths, and knitted twelve stitches deep on coarse wooden pins, subsequently sewn together. Or several sheets of newspaper tacked together, and then laid between a double layer of unbleached calico, will keep a sleeper warm through the most frosty night.

A houseful of children may be amused, and at the same time healthfully employed, in assisting in the manufacture of presents for the poor. A pillow stuffed with old writing-paper torn into infinitesimal pieces would be a boon to an old or sick person, especially if it has a loose cover to be removed and washed. Children could tear up the paper better than grown-up folk. Where there is any infectious complaint a pillow of this kind is burnt without any serious loss. Old clothes, likely to be of better materials than the poor can afford to buy themselves, if thoroughly mended before given, are priceless treasures; but time is money to a hard-worked mother of a family, and mending and renovating comes hard upon her. Keep your eyes about you next time you go to a village church, and note the form of the old dames' bonnets. Buy a shape as near it as you can, and try your hand at covering it with pieces of silk, add a curtain and strings, and if you give it away, and do not give infinite satisfaction, too, you will be less lucky than I was under similar circumstances.

The shops assist the charitable at Christmas in many ways, and a charity bundle of flannel and calico, at a low price, may be turned to wonderful account. It takes four yards of flannel for a shirt, two for an under-vest, three for a woman's petticoat, and the odd pieces will make capes, jackets, aprons, and cloaks.

If you are a knitter, innumerable are the presents you can make. Space forbids me to give receipts, but you will find them in the many cheap, handy volumes continually published. These will teach you how to knit vests, shooting stockings, cardigans, knee-caps, leggings, gaiters, cricketing and smoking caps, infants' boots and socks, bassi-

nette quilts, and much besides which will be gratefully received by many friends, masculine and feminine, whom you desire to please at Christmas time. If, however, you want something quite new for head-dresses on leaving places of entertainment, caps for children, cuffs, infants' boots, etc., let me recommend to you the new knitting arrasene, stronger than the embroidery kind, sold in wool and silk, which are charmingly light and pretty-looking.

If you are at all artistic, you have a very wide field open to you in present-giving. One of the features of our day is that the most common and discarded articles are transformed by the touch of deft fingers into things of beauty. Jars and bottles of various kinds can be turned to account. A very little ornamentation makes a red-grounded pot or jar ornamental; there are few better models than the Moresque. Broad, irregular lines of yellow and gray carried across a red jar have far more effect than you can imagine, and a band of color round the mouth. Earthen jars and blacking-bottles are covered all over with some grounding color in oils, and on this flowers or conventional designs are painted; a deep, rich blue I find the best grounding.

Menu cards, painted and so contrived that the actual list slips in and out, are pretty certain to be an acceptable gift to any housekeeper. Or a couple of large terra-cotta ones for the daily list of what is coming for dinner, saves many inquiries and regulates difficult appetites. China would, of course, answer the same purpose and can be as easily painted, but I mention terra-cotta because the painting when done can be covered with a coat of varnish and need not be baked, which saves much trouble. But, on the other hand, a menu written in pencil on terra-cotta is somewhat dazzling to eyes that are no longer youthful.

Our rooms, in these modern days, gain so much by painting that to those who are not themselves able to color, the gift of a painted screen or a painted plate to hang against the wall would be invaluable. Some black terra-cotta plates, requiring but a very small spray to make them decorative, I would suggest to those who have not time for elaborate work. Quite the most artistic screens I have seen were covered either with leather paper or with black calico, and painted in oils after the Japanese idea, with trails of japonica or orange or apple blossom thrown carelessly across each panel, barely taking an hour to paint. Table-screens after the same order are new and are less ambitious gifts. Looking-glasses to hang against the wall or to stand on tables, with black frames, have not only the frames painted, but the bouquet or spray is carried on to the glass itself with admirable effect. Quite new are the black-wood post-card cases, to which is affixed a triangular piece of wood for making them stand



firmly on the table; these also are painted in oil-colors.

Happily, women are not only bringing their artistic, but their creative, faculties to bear on decorative art, and the bottles and jars I have just been talking to you about, I have known transformed into what I imagined was Barbotine ware. The flowers, in exact imitation of this species of pottery, had been formed in plaster of Paris, stuck on, and when thoroughly dry painted after the same mode of coloring.

Milk-pails, butter-firkins, milking-stools, and wheelbarrows find their way into drawing-rooms transformed into very pretty articles indeed. Try giving these; the milk-pails and butter-firkins are first covered with a uniform ground-color, and then have fruit, flowers, or old English models painted on them, and are subsequently lined with satin as receptacles for work. The stools, painted in the same way are used for seats, but the toy wheelbarrows, just the largest size made for children, are, when varnished and painted, or merely gilded on the outside, intended for receptacles for growing flowers.

If you only want small remembrances, which will go by post, I should suggest penwipers made of circles of cloth, covered at the top with one of kid, buttonholed round with silk, and painted in the centre; or small round pincushions, covered with silk over cardboard and painted. Bolster pincushions, with a strip of ribbon attached to each end, intended to be hung to the looking-glass, are acceptable to gentlemen. The last idea in these is painted satin, opening down the entire length to show an inner covering of silk for the pins, just as an Indian corn-pod opens and the corn protrudes.

A fashionable form of fan would be an acceptable present to a lady, viz.: a circular one with long handle covered with lace. The common straw ones of this form are not a bad foundation. Or you can make them with a circle of wire covered with stiff net, and a handle formed of ribbon-wire. Begin by sewing the lace from the centre in a circular form, and hide the starting-point with a flower, cover the handle with a ribbon wound round it, finishing it off with a bow at the point. Hand-screens on the same foundations covered with chintz and edged with a ruche of lace are pretty for bed-rooms.

Baskets can be bought for a few pence, and are worth many shillings if trimmed with plush and fringe, or chintz and fringe; any little pieces will do. The fringe costs only a few cents a yard, if you procure a kind which is very decorative, made of two colors, say dark green and red, blended with tinsel; this laid round the basket at the top, and diamonds or draperies of the plush, with a few stitches in crewel-work or an edging of the fringe, makes a complete transformation.

Bags lined with satin, made of plush, with just a large tassel at each point and a long heading left below the running, are easily made, but are convenient for work and fashionable as pocket-handkerchief bags. The wire sponging-baskets, sold at a low price, interlaced with ribbon and lined with satin, form admirable carriage-baskets. I must say a word or two about Christmas cards, for the sending of Christmas cards is every year on the increase, and I am glad to see there is a preference shown for hand-painted ones. The newest are ivoryine, which is to be purchased either in sheets or cut to the right size; then there is talc, which is found to be a good painting medium, and cards covered with satin. Another form of Christmas card which, to perpetrate a bull, is not a card at all, takes the form of good wishes painted on small circles of terra-cotta or china plaques, intended to be hung against the wall or set in velvet frames.

As a rule, however, I think people prefer their own names or monograms interwoven with the good wishes, and nothing is prettier than letters formed of flowers—say roses or forget-me-nots.

The comic side of life is not forgotten, and many happy illustrations in etchings form acceptable Christmas cards, the gifts of artistic friends; while some recall illuminated texts and borrow their ideas from Scripture. Water-colors are universally employed for these cards; oils play but a small part, except in the case of satin cards—dark satin cards, I should say—and then the oil-paints look well upon them. Seaweed deftly pressed is likewise used for Christmas cards, but the mottoes, and any wording required, should be painted. I give, myself, the preference to dried flowers used with painting. It is best to take them when in full bloom, press them, and then gum some fine tarlatan over them in placing them on the cards.

**FEMALE LOVELINESS.**—Do not think you can make a girl lovely if you do not make her happy. There is not, says Ruskin, one restraint you put on a good girl's nature—there is not one check you give to her instincts of affection or of effort—which will not be indelibly written on her features with a hardness which is all the more painful because it takes away the brightness from the eye of innocence and the charm from the brow of virtue. The perfect loveliness of a woman's countenance can consist only in the majestic peace which is found in the memory of happy and useful years full of sweet records, and the joining of this with that yet more majestic childishness which is still full of change and promise, opening always, modest at once and bright with hope of better things to be won and to be bestowed. There is no old age where there is still that promise—it is eternal youth.



## FARMER JOHN'S CHRISTMAS BOX.

IT was the afternoon before Christmas Day, and honest John Grahame was packing up his butter tubs and the remnant of his Christmas marketing before returning to his expectant family far off in the quiet country.

All day long the great market-house had been full to overflowing with an eager crowd of people, busy with the buying of their Christmas cheer; and John's fat turkeys, ducks, and country, home-made sausages had been so well patronized that not one remained to burden his two strong horses, which had drawn the whole heavy load into the great city on the afternoon previous. Many a kindly greeting of the season had been given honest John by his smiling customers; for Saint Nicholas gives to all who love him a happy face and light heart in this his own festive season.

One thing yet remained to be done, and John would have sooner lost his strong right hand than have neglected this pleasant duty. There must be a nice present bought for the kind wife at home, and stop—a happy thought flashed athwart the good man's mind. He would buy Margery a new bonnet, for times had been hard this winter, and, although she had made no mention of it, John well knew in his heart that it would be the very thing to please her. Then there was his little Dolly, who, with her eyes as black as a sloe-berry and bright as stars in a frosty night, had stood on tip-toe to kiss him as he sat in his wagon well rolled in a blanket to keep out the cold, and who ran down the walk to open the wide gate, kissing her hand to him until he was hidden from her sight by a turn in the road.

"Pussy shall have her doll she has asked for so often and a good big box of sugar-plums, too," he softly promised himself, a loving look coming into his mild brown eyes; so, calling his boy to finish his preparations for him, he sallied forth upon his errand of love. He strolled along the busy streets, looking into the store-widows with wondering curiosity until a milliner's display caught his eye, and he paused in front of the window.

His big, burly frame, with its rough overcoat, took up so much room and looked so utterly out of place that many a curious, smiling look was cast upon him. He stood so long a time trying to conquer his diffidence and enter the store that a little street *gamin* sang out, with a nasal twang, "Say, old 'un, which suits yer complexion best? Buy the one with the peaked top, old cabbage-head."

John, thus rudely roused to a sense of his position, shook his big fist good-naturedly at the saucy urchin and entered the store. Good humor and love held high carnival in John's heart this blessed Christmas-tide, and left no room for unkind feelings for any one.

The smiling saleslady, wondering at her odd customer, displayed several bonnets to John's astonished eyes, fairly bewildering him with the variety of shapes, colors, feathers, flowers, and the many other varieties that she exhibited to him. At last he sank into a chair, saying, "Well, ma'am, I guess I'll have to leave it to you; I can drive a plow and manage a farm, but I can't buy a woman's bonnet."

The woman laughed heartily, and, picking out one of quiet gray silk, with a red rose and gray feather, presented it to his tired gaze, and our good farmer, glad to be quit of this herculean task (worse to him than a whole day's hay-making), clutched the bonnet box, and without a murmur paid the fashionable price the woman named, only too glad to get off thus easily.

Next came the toy store. There he found less difficulty, and soon picked out an immense doll, almost as large as the human Dolly, and to this was added the box of goodies so dear to the heart of all little ones.

Now then he was all ready, and in another half-hour was rattling over the stones of the city toward the country.

The horses, as if knowing whither they were bound, laid themselves to their work right willingly, every now and then playfully turning toward one another and nodding, as if exchanging their ideas on the many queer sights they had seen in the wonderful, great city. John turned up the collar of his overcoat and tucked in his blanket closely around him, for he faced the wind and the sunset sky looked angry and lowering. In fact, in less than half an hour snowflakes began to fall, at first slowly and softly, then faster and faster, until the air grew thick and misty with the quickly falling flakes.

The stout horses bent their heads to the gusts of wind that whirled the snow in their faces, and John urged them on in cheery tones. Once he stopped and lighted his lantern, which he carried for such emergencies, and the rays fell far into the road ahead, just enough to make darkness visible.

As the horses paused at the top of a steep hill to regain breath after their long pull, John thought he heard a feeble cry on the side of the road. He listened intently and heard it repeated. He hurriedly snatched up the lantern and proceeded in the direction from whence the sound came, and there, by the rays of the light he carried, and all cuddled up under a blanket shawl, was a baby about nine months old.

"My certes!" exclaimed John. "I've found my Christmas box. Poor, wee lambkin! What hard-hearted wretch left you here to die, poor little innocent?"

The baby stopped crying and looked at him with her finger in her mouth and her great blue

eyes fixed, half in wonder, half in fear, on his pitying face. John held out his arms coaxingly, and a smile came over the baby face and "Coo, coo," broke in lisping tones from the rose-bud mouth. He tenderly lifted the little creature, and opening his coat folded her in close to his great, warm heart.

No sound save that of the bitter wind disturbed the stillness, no track of any living being was to be found, and John, with his burden in his arms, clambered back into his wagon, and, closely nestling the little one, chirruped to his stout horses, that knew the road too well to need much watching.

Wondering, solemn thoughts came to John as he sat there with the baby in his arms, of that other little Baby, who came to this world so many centuries ago that very night; who was born among the dumb beasts and cradled in the manger of a stable, but who withal was Lord and Saviour. And he thought how the very stars had sung for joy, and how a thrill of happiness vibrated from end to end of God's fair world at the advent of the long-promised King; and as these thoughts came solemnly, sweetly, thronging to his mind, his voice rang out clearly over the stormy night in the dear old Christmas hymn,

"When shepherds watched their flocks by night,"

and he vowed that this Christmas baby should share his home and heart with his own flesh and blood. Presently his voice ceased, and, looking down, he saw his baby fast asleep, her long lashes lying on her soft cheek; and quietly and gently he drew out his warm buffalo-robe and cast about in his mind for a place in which to lay his sleeping charge. The large, empty box, which had borne his poultry to market, caught his eye, and, placing in it his warm, comfortable robe, he made a soft bed for his Christmas present; so he nestled her down among the skins and covered her with his overcoat.

He did not mind the cold, although his face glowed scarlet and he had to swing his arms and slap his hands to keep the blood in circulation; but he whistled merrily to his good horses, that rattled on with increased speed and soon drew up before the gate of his farm-house.

The door was opened and the figure of a woman appeared, peering into the darkness; the light of a candle she shielded with her hand falling upon the black eyes and eager face of Dolly, who stood with her head pushed out under her mother's arm.

"Margery," shouted John to his wife, "come see my Christmas box. Give the light to David and let him hold it here in the wagon. Here, give me both your hands," said John, stooping down and helping his wondering wife into the wagon; and there, quietly sleeping, her rosy cheek

pressed closely to the soft skins, lay John's Christmas box.

Her mother-heart was touched, and, opening to this little, homeless waif, she bore her into her happy home, looking already upon her as her own.

Who could depict Dolly's delight at this "real, live baby?" Not even the great magnificence of the new purchase or the purchase of the box of candies could compare, in her estimation, with this newly found treasure.

The baby-girl's quaint, serious ways were a never-failing source of delight, and Dolly wondered how she ever could have cared for her stupid baby, that could not crow or laugh or poke its little fingers into her eyes and pull her hair; and once again Margery and John grew young in watching and guarding their Christmas box.

\* \* \* \* \*

Years rolled on, bringing their usual changes of joy and sorrow, of good and evil fortune; had left their traces in wrinkles and gray hairs on the middle-aged, and opened the gates of Heaven to many of the old; had changed romping school-children into strong young men and sweet, winning maidens. But the old farm-house still stood, looking very little older than it did seventeen years ago this Christmas Eve.

Surely Time has dealt gently here; there sits John, as ever—his hair more thickly mixed with gray, his brow more wrinkled, but with a soft sadness in his eyes that was new to them.

A young woman sits by the window tying a close, warm hood on a chubby baby, the very miniature of John, and the young mother is a fac-simile of the Margery of old, whom, alas! we do not find. Naught but her empty place and a loving memory ever green in John's faithful heart remains of the farmer's wife.

"Well, father," said Dolly, giving her baby a hearty kiss and setting him down on the floor until she tied on her own hood and folded closely her warm shawl, "I must be getting toward home. Ned will be wanting his supper, and it's a goodish piece to walk against this bleak wind. I hate to leave you all alone, but Clarie will soon be in. So be sure to come to-morrow night after church and we will have a merry Christmas." So saying, Dolly picked up her fat baby with a loving squeeze, and, nodding gayly, left the house.

"So like her mother," murmured John to himself, as he turned with a sigh into his solitary home, and, filling his pipe, he settled himself in the warm chimney-corner. The embers glowed brightly on the hearth, casting a pleasant glow on the shining pewter ranged on the dresser and half illuminating the dusky corners of the large, old-fashioned kitchen.

John, gazing into the coals, saw many a pleasant sight. First peered out a smiling baby face; next came a little, golden-haired lassie, with bright,

fairly figure, flying down the path with outstretched arms to meet him returning home, tired with his hard day's work; this faded into a slender school-girl, with large, serious eyes, the very color of the midsummer sky, hovering around him with an eager love and anxious to forestall his slightest wish; next came a sick-chamber, with the poor, weary, pain-worn occupant tenderly nursed and soothed by this same sweet face and gentle hand; then a sad and weary time, when all the world seemed empty and his loneliness became all but heart-breaking; but even amid this blackness was the one bright face, ever winsome and kind, and ever striving, with all the might of a loving heart, to fill the gap left by death.

"God bless my Christmas box!" John murmured, softly—when there stole an arm around his neck, a voice spoke in his ear, and a soft kiss fell upon his cheek:

"Why, father, dear, how long have you been asleep! the fire is all out and your pipe, too. They kept me longer at the church fixing the greens than I thought for; you should see how pretty it looks. Hark, father! listen to the Christmas carol! they are practicing it for to-morrow!"

The golden head was drawn closely to the breast where it had lain so helplessly seventeen years ago, and, in the soft gloaming of the twilight, John and his Christmas baby listened with hushed breath to the mysterious, beautiful voices borne to them from the neighboring church.

H. S. ATWATER.

A PERSIAN TALISMAN.—Talismans, spells, and charms of all sorts are much relied upon in Persia in all cases of illness. "During the cholera in Shiraz," writes the author of the *Land of the Lion and the Sun*, "I was attending the daughter of the high-priest, who was sitting surrounded by a crowd of friends, petitioners, and parasites. He was writing charms against the cholera. I, out of curiosity, asked him for one. It was simply a strip of paper, on which was written a mere scribble, which meant nothing at all. I took it and carefully put it away. He told me that, when attacked by cholera, I had but to swallow it and it would prove an effectual remedy. I thanked him very seriously and went my way. That day he called and presented me with two sheep and a huge cake of sugar-candy weighing thirty pounds. I did not quite see why he gave me the present; but he laughingly told me that my serious reception of his talisman had convinced the many bystanders of its great value, and a charm desired by an unbelieving European doctor must be potent indeed. 'You see, you might have laughed at my beard; you did not. I am grateful. But if I could only say that you had eaten my charm, ah—then!' 'Well,' I replied, 'say so, if you like;' and our interview ended."

## A LABOR OF LOVE.

THE Comte de Chambord has always been noted for amiability and kindness of heart, and has never been embittered by the changed prospects of his life. At six years of age he was the little Duc de Bordeaux, grandson of Charles X, and the hopes and expectations of France were fixed upon him. Like many other robust and easy-tempered children, he considered lessons a terrible hardship and particularly disliked writing. His copy-books were blotted and scrawled over dreadfully, to his grandfather's great displeasure and the despair of the unfortunate tutor whose task it was to teach him calligraphy. But the child was so merry, asked pardon in such engaging tones, and made such good resolutions for future copies, that the writing-master could not look grave for long together, and perhaps his royal pupil took advantage of him.

One morning, however, the child's playfulness failed to rouse him from a settled melancholy; there were even tears in the old man's eyes, and, though the little Duc de Bordeaux asked over and over again what ailed him, he could obtain no answer. After lessons, however, a servant told the boy that his tutor was responsible for a debt of one thousand francs incurred by his son and saw no means of obtaining the money. When the royal family were assembled at the noon-day breakfast, the little Duc said, in his most coaxing tone:

"Grandfather, if I write very well for a whole week will you give me something?"

"Yes."

"Will you give me fifty louis?"

"That is a great deal of money," said the King. "What will you do with it?"

"That is my secret," replied the child; whereupon Charles X smiled and promised.

The next morning the boy sat with his copy-book overlooking the Tuileries. The birds sang, the tame pigeons came and perched on the window-sill, merry children played under the trees; but for once he neither heard nor saw any of them, and actually accomplished a whole copy without mistake or blot. The tutor was astonished, and his amazement increased when his pupil's careful industry continued for a week. No sooner was the last page finished than he took his copy-book to his grandfather, and in a few minutes returned, carrying in both hands a bag containing the fifty louis. His bright face was suffused with blushes as he gave it into the tutor's hands, saying:

"Here are my wages. Please accept them. I only worked that I might give them to you."

ANY man can pick up courage enough to be heroic for an hour; to be patiently heroic daily is the test of character.

## BUT A PHILISTINE:

A STORY OF THESE DAYS.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

### CHAPTER V.

**O**AK GLADES was the rather foreign-sounding name which the English owner had given his trans-Atlantic home. Yet those who entered one of the "opens" which, at different levels, pierced the great slope of woods on the right of the house, saw at once the appropriateness of the name. For in each of these smooth spaces, clothed with grass and low, wild undergrowth, rose some grand old oaks with boles of mighty girth and far-spreading branches. They stood, great, kingly forms, in the foreground against the dark relief of the forest evergreens. Each of these trees made a distinct and noble picture. The former owner had left his mark in the name he had chosen for his home. He had proved that his ownership was something more intimate than the possession of so many feet of land and lumber.

Oak Glades, as we have seen, lay on one of the long slopes of a rise of land which, stretching northward for miles, mounted gradually to higher levels. The house stood on a terrace of this rise, about three miles from the sea. To this the road wound down for nearly half the way through pine woods, sweet with odors and full of dusky shadows and streaks and particles of yellow light on the soft, brown needles and mossy boles. These woods were one of nature's vast green temples; her architects had been the summers and winters of a thousand years.

Through the dim, sweet-scented wood-road, full of the murmurous sound of leaves and insect life, Alsey Faxon's basket-phaeton rolled every day. It emerged from the forest into the pasture road that climbed rough steepes and dropped into sudden hollows for another mile, and then struck the meadows and the full salt breath from the sea. A few minutes' easy bowling brought one to the beach.

It was a matter of course that Miss Vane would accompany Alsey when she drove to the sea. The two, down on the sands in the summer afternoon, might have made one think of the daughters of Oceanus risen out of the waves to disport themselves for a while on the shore; for the young woman and the young girl were as gay there as though they belonged to some of the glad creatures of the poets' Golden Age. Sometimes they bathed in the surf and rocked in the long, delicious swells of the incoming tide. Sometimes they gathered frail sea-anemones among the wet stones or wild-flowers in the fissures of the rocks.

It was a gay, joyous, care-free life the two led through that month of midsummer. Natalie could hardly have conceived anything just like it belonged to this world, though she had had for the most part a happy life herself. But this bright existence was like that of the birds of the air, like the lilies of the field, that take no thought for the morrow, she thought at one time; at another it seemed to belong to the gay beings of fairy-land, to the joyous fauns and nymphs that peopled the old legends and story-books of her childhood.

But youth was warm in the heart and quick in the pulse of Natalie Vane. She could not choose but enter into the glad spirit of the hour. If she found herself in Paradise there was no reason why she should not make the most of that, even though she knew it were only for a little while—that the time would soon come to go out and hear the sound of the shining gates as they closed behind her. She had had the light and joy. She would hold them against any dullness and cold of days that might be coming, just as some memory of the green, lavish midsummer warmth and brightens the dreariest day of all the winter.

One afternoon, about a month after Natalie had come to Oak Glades, she and Alsey, as was their habit, drove down to the sea. It was a perfect afternoon—not a fleck of cloud on all the vivid blue overhead. The warm air was cooled with little ripples of breeze from the sea, while all around them brooded the wide, green heart of the midsummer.

They spent some time going from one point to another. They found shells of curious shape and pretty color on the sands. They climbed about the rocks and watched the flashing of the sea-gulls' wings and the white sails of the schooners and the little, dark fishing-craft that here and there dotted the intense, dazzling blue of the sea.

At last the two unconsciously wandered apart. Natalie climbed a steep bluff, green to its very edge, and threw herself down on the warm grass. The tide was coming in, and she listened to the happy song of the waves as they threw up white, caressing arms about the dumb rocks, and in a little while her old habit of tracing dim outlines and profiles in the objects about her overmastered every other consciousness.

That dark, ragged, shapeless world of rocks, whose granite bosoms would soon bear white, glittering fleeces of surf, became slowly trans-



formed into a vast gallery of ruins, which might have belonged to some prehistoric age.

She saw headless Titans and armless Centaurs—shapes of gods and Gorgons. Dim outlines of piping Pans and dancing dryads, of ocean nymphs and forest fauns, were shadowed in the great granite heaps before her, and at last the happy voices of the waves seemed to fall into a mournful refrain over some long-vanished age.

Alsey's voice, close at hand, suddenly aroused Natalie. In a moment the spell was broken, and she was back in the every-day world. The old gallery of prehistoric ruins resolved itself into masses of ragged rocks, and she found herself sitting on a green bluff of the Southern Maine coast in the warm July afternoon.

"Just see my treasures, Miss Vane!" exclaimed the girl, as she held up before Natalie a bunch of wild-flowers—tall lilies like scarlet flame, and roses whose red burned like live coals, and violets with the soft, misty blue of April skies, and all sorts of pretty wild blooms in fine relief against green vines and plummy ferns.

"Oh! those are lovely!" exclaimed Miss Vane, as she drank in the color and the wild-wood fragrance. "Where did you find them?"

"Down in the meadows. I have been foraging there for the last hour. But I left plenty behind. One can't bring a whole meadow away, you know," chirruped Alsey, as she fastened two or three of the roses in her friend's hair, where the red glowed in rich masses of auburn brown.

"I might have brought some of the meadow away with me, too, if I hadn't sat mooning here. It is shameful to neglect such lovely things," added Natalie, rather remorsefully.

"Never mind; I have enough for both," replied Alsey, stepping back a little and surveying her work. "Those flowers must have grown for your hair." Then, flushed with her long ramble, she threw herself down by Natalie's side. "How nice and cool it is here!" she commented.

"Delightfully so. But you must be tired."

"Just a little. It was rather warm work down in the meadows. What have you been thinking about, dear?"

"Nothing worth repeating, I fear."

"Then do think of something that is. I want a story, Miss Vane. This is such a capital place for it, too."

"What kind of a story, Alsey?"

"I like all of yours, you know. But," she dropped her voice and drew closer to her friend—"I like those about Noel a little the best."

Natalie could not often speak of her brother. But Alsey was so full of eager, affectionate curiosity concerning him that it was a pleasure to talk to the girl about the dead. Natalie hardly realized how often he was the subject of their conversation or the comfort it was to tell this sweet,

fresh nature something of the brave young life that had been wrenched away from her own.

"I don't know how to begin," said Natalie, in a tone which showed the words were addressed more to herself than to her friend.

"Oh! begin just anywhere," promptly answered the girlish voice. Then in a moment Alsey turned and faced her friend, seriously. "There is one thing I should like to know about Noel," she said.

"What is it?"

"Was he always good and splendid and grand—just like the hero of a story, you know?"

Natalie's low, amused laugh rang about the bluff.

"You dear, silly girl!" she said; "on the contrary, he had a fiery temper and a terrible will of his own. He was not a subject for the biography of a saintly child. Yet he was so generous, so easily roused by any noble thought or deed, so swift to forgive. I remember one instance now—it was so characteristic of him!"

"Oh! do tell me, please!" exclaimed Alsey, drawing still closer to her friend.

"It was a winter afternoon and there was a skating-party on a pond in a hollow among the hills. It was not more than a mile from home, and Noel had persuaded me to go over with him and see the fun. It was a pretty sight to watch the boys gliding and curveting over that smooth floor of ice. The pond lay in a kind of bowl-shaped basin, with a fringe of green pines on the banks, and the great, bare winter-oaks stood on the heights above. I see it all now and hear the shouts and laughter of the boys as they chased each other over the ice. Noel was a splendid skater and fairly outdid himself that day.

"At last they all went wild over the sport and agreed to set out together for a little foot-bridge which crossed the pond half a mile off.

"By this time I had entered into the spirit of the thing, and was as bad as the boys. It was not enough to stand on the bank and watch the sport; I wanted a share in the life and fun of the hour.

"I had a little scarf-pin, a pretty beetle, which one of papa's parishioners had brought me from abroad. I took it and a little, scarlet scarf from my neck, and promised the prize to the boy who should reach the bridge first."

"Oh! what fun it must have been!" broke in Alsey.

"Yes; you should have seen those boys set off together! one and another soon fell behind! At last the victory lay between two—Noel and a boy about his age, a schoolmate. To my surprise, for I could see distinctly on the bank where I stood, Noel dropped behind a few rods from the bridge. The other boy won the prize.

"Noel stood near me when I wreathed the scarf around the victor's hat, and the hills rang with the

shouts of the boys. There was a sudden flash in my brother's eyes which struck me. I knew then something lay behind that look.

"As we were returning home in the twilight Noel suddenly said to me:

"'Natalie, dear old girl, I hope you didn't mind my losing the prize?"

"'Not exactly,' I said; 'I was sure you could have had it if you wanted it.'

"'That's like a girl,' he answered, trying to carry it off lightly, 'always thinking her brother can do the best things.'

"I turned on him then. It was gray twilight now, and the snowflakes were beginning to fall—one struck my nose. It is curious that I can feel the cold sting of that flake at this moment.

"'Noel,' I said, 'why did you let that other boy go ahead of you?"

"'I suppose a fellow may not always want to tell his reasons for doing things,' he replied, in anything but an amiable tone.

"'And I suppose a girl may have a right to know sometimes,' I answered. 'Is he an especial friend of yours?"

"'No; if he had been that he must have taken his own chances. There, Natalie, I've said more than I meant to!' he cried, remorsefully. 'Girls never will be satisfied!'

"'You've said too much, Noel Vane, not to make a clean breast of it now. You don't like the boy, then?' I insisted.

"'If you must know, he did me an ugly turn the other day! I've had a grudge against him ever since. 'Tisn't pleasant to carry that thing about with you, Natalie.'

"'And this was the way you took to pay him?' I asked.

"'Yes, if you will have it.'

"'What did he do to you?' I began again, after a little silence.

"'He tripped me up the other day. We were having a race. It was a mean thing to do; the boys didn't know and thought I had stumbled. Of course, there was a loud laugh. It was a bad place—I went down a steep cut and knocked my head on the stones.'

"'And you came home with that horrid gash on your cheek and your head all bruises. O Noel!'

"'A fellow gets over scratches of that kind, you know. I didn't mind the pain, but the way the thing was done. I've hated the rascal long enough, so I thought I'd try doing him a good turn.'

"'I couldn't speak for a moment, and then he burst out angrily'

"'I say, Natalie what did you get all of this out of me for? It makes me seem such a horrid prig!'

"'I can't remember what I said; but, O Alsey!

I remember how I felt and how proud I was of my young brother as we walked home through the softly falling snowflakes in the gray, winter twilight."

"It was just splendid," said Alsey, and there were tears in her eyes.

The two sat still while the blue sea glanced and sparkled before them and the tides climbed about the rocks. But the heart of Natalie Vane was busy with its memories and growing sick with the sense of its loss. Suddenly she broke out in a loud, wailing cry:

"O Noel! Noel!"

She sprang up in a moment and went away to a little shelf of rock which was hidden from Alsey's sight by a sudden dip of the cliff. She flung herself down on the cold, hard rocks and sobbed helplessly, while her heart cried out, as human hearts will at times, through the dumbness and darkness, for their dead.

But the storm quieted in a little while. She came back to Alsey, her eyes strained, her cheeks flushed with her weeping.

"I could not help it; do forgive me, dear!" she said.

"How could I let you talk about him?" said Alsey, uttering the self-reproach which had been in her thoughts all the time she had sat by herself on the cliff.

"It has done me good," answered Natalie; and that was all either said.

They went home in the summer sunset, through the fragrant meadows and the pasture-slopes and the pine-woods glorified by the fading light.

A letter was awaiting Alsey. Her uncle would be at home next week.

## CHAPTER VI.

ONE morning Miss Vane went to walk in the grounds, while Alsey drove over to the town on some errands. These grounds embraced a wide, slightly sloping area, and had a large sweep of lovely lawn and winding walks and green hedges and varieties of fine shrubbery. In the centre of this lawn was a great rockery draped with vines and gay with flowers, while a world of bright June bloom bordered either side of the walks. Rustic chairs stood in shady nooks, where one had glimpses of the sea or green vistas of woods. There was a graceful little pavilion at one point, an arbor smothered in vines at another. The former owner had not kept possession of the grounds long enough to develop their possibilities in art landscape, but he had left something pretty and picturesque to surprise the eye at almost every step.

It was as perfect a morning as was ever born of a New England midsummer. Natalie wandered about in an idle, happy mood, drinking in, with

every breath, some fresh loveliness. She felt herself a part of the life and gladness of the time. Loss and grief—her own sorrow and the wide world's pain—all seemed to slip away as though they had no place in a life over which brooded skies of such heavenly azure. She knew, of course, in her deepest consciousness, that the world carried still, under that radiant blue, amid that joyous sunshine, its heavy burden of human griefs, and in its bosom the weight of its countless graves.

But this thought did not chill the gladness of her present mood any more than the morning, full of light and singing-birds, could grow dim and silent, remembering the winter and the storms, without which it could never have been.

Natalie, with the habits of an artist, had brought her sketch-book and pencils with her, but she was in too idle a mood to set herself about anything. She roamed among the winding walks and along the hedges, pausing at a flower or a leaf or a bit of view that gave her a fresh surprise, until she came at last to a low, stone wall, which, on the eastern side, separated the grounds from a deep, narrow lane, thick with bushes and tangled vines and ripe grasses. It was a light thing to scale that wall. Natalie's tingling blood stirred in her some of the longing she used to feel for a wild abandonment when she and Noel went off into the woods together. She envied the birds, who could go roaming into the blue air, while all the forces of gravitation held her to the planet.

A moment later a light, triumphant laugh floated into the stillness as Natalie leaped from the stone wall into the lane and disengaged her skirts from the briers. Then she struck into the wealth of wild green about her. How full of sweet, subtle scents of roots and leaves and hidden flowers was that old lane! How the birds sang out from all its thickets and brambles! How the sunlight flecked the twigs and made such work with the boughs—lovelier illuminations than any patient old monk ever got on his missals!

With thoughts of this sort humming in her like bits of some pleasant air, Natalie kept on for a third of a mile, perhaps, when she came to a point where the lane turned and ended in a broad upland pasture. On the edge of this, and surmounting a small knoll, was a cherry-tree—the ripe black-hearts shining thick among the glossy leaves.

Somebody had been gathering the fruit, for a step-ladder stood against the trunk. The lower branches made a deep crotch, which formed a wide, tempting seat. It was perfectly easy to reach this by the ladder.

It must be very lovely up there among the cool shadows, with the leaves and birds. Cherries, too, never had half so fine a flavor as when one's own fingers plucked them.

A minute later Natalie Vane was in the crotch

of that old cherry-tree. She looked down on the world with a twinkle of fun in her eyes. Her cheeks were flushed with her long ramble. She thought of queens on their thrones, and wondered if they had half as light a heart as hers in that old tree, with its broad, green canopy of leaves spread over her, and the birds sung in the canopy and patches of sunshine and great yellow bees flickered there.

"It isn't a great height, but it is a happy one," she murmured to herself, and then, in a moment, she caught on the ground a bit of bright color. It was a branch of scarlet wild berries across a gray-lichened stone; a small humming-bird of dark, vivid green was dipping and wheeling about the berries. Natalie seized her pencil and a square of paper. It was working under some difficulties, sitting in that tree, but the thing was too pretty to lose.

Natalie, absorbed in her work, forgot everything else. She was not aware that, a little way behind her, lay an old post-road, which less than half a mile off joined the highway that led up to Oak Glades. This ancient, grass-grown post-road made a shorter cut than the highway from the village, and was more or less used by those familiar with the ground.

In the middle of the forenoon a gentleman in a light buggy, with the top thrown back, was bowling over the ancient road. As he glanced about him he caught a glimpse of something white in the great cherry-tree in the corner of a pasture on his right. A surprised look came into his eyes. At last he drew his rein sharply on the steep, rough road, still, gazing, perplexed and intent, at the tree, which, standing on the knoll, was clearly outlined at his point of view.

"What the dickens is in that tree?" he exclaimed, in a puzzled tone; and the next instant his keen eyes flashed with amusement; he burst into a hearty laugh. "The little vixen!" he muttered; "what new wrinkle has got into her head? I'll have some fun out of it, too." And the merry glance that shot out of the gray eyes made them seem for an instant like a boy's.

The man drew his horse on one side of the road, sprung out of the buggy, and vaulted over a crumbling stone wall into the pasture.

Natalie Vane, busied with the last touches of her sketch, caught a sound like stealthy footsteps. She started; her pencil dropped from her hand. As she glanced down she saw a gentleman coming softly around the tree and gazing up where the shadows and the leaves screened her face from his view.

"Ah, you young rogue! I've found out your tricks this time!" shouted the stranger.

In an instant Natalie was on her feet. In another she had recognized the speaker. The next, she perceived his mistake. Her cheeks grew

the color of the scarlet berries she had been trying to draw.

But Natalie Vane was in every instinct a lady. She had nerves, too, that were under the control of her fine health as well as of her early breeding. The position was an awkward one. But there was nothing to be ashamed of—nothing to blush for, certainly. If the man down there, who had surprised her and himself also, did not recognize this—so much the worse for him!

She rose and descended the step-ladder. She did this so lightly and gracefully that one with any fancy could hardly fail to think of a hamadryad descending from the tree.

When the man standing there caught the first glimpse of her face he started with amazement. He was not easily put off his guard, but he had hardly, in the course of his life, undergone so thorough a surprise. The young woman who had come down from that cherry-tree, slender and lithe, and who looked at him with those splendid brown eyes and an amused smile dawning about the delicate lines of her mouth, wore the simplest of white dresses and two or three half-blossomed roses of a soft yellow tint at her throat. They were the only color about her. A low-crowned, deep-rimmed shade-hat might have suggested some fine old fresco of a shepherdess. Yet the gleam of that white dress against the summer green made it seem a fitting robe for a queen to wear at her coronation.

"Mr. Thorndike, I believe," said the young woman, in her clear soprano.

At the sound of his name the man quite recovered from his surprise. He took off his hat.

"You have the advantage of me, ma'am," he said.

"I am Miss Vane." The tone of the monosyllables unconsciously implied that he would at once recognize her.

"Miss Vane!" he repeated the name. It was evident that it conveyed nothing to Mr. Thorndike. He suspected this must be some young friend staying with Alsey. "I am happy to meet you," he said.

Natalie was surprised to perceive that he did not recognize her. She did not suspect that her personality—so totally unlike all his preconceptions—accounted for his perplexity.

"Miss Natalie Vane," she explained. "I have been your niece's guest during your absence. I was her drawing teacher in Boston."

This second surprise—though he controlled any expression of it—almost equaled the first.

"I sincerely beg your pardon, Miss Vane," he said. "I caught a glimpse of your dress in the tree. I fancied at once you were Alsey, and made up my mind to steal a march on her."

"You could hardly have expected to meet me in this fashion," answered Natalie, and her brown

eyes filled with the light of sudden merriment.

"But Alsey went over to the village this morning. She did not look for you until night."

"I suppose not. We had a glorious wind, and the captain made a swifter run to Portland than he expected. I fear you must have had rather a dull time here with my niece," Mr. Thorndike concluded.

"Dull!" Natalie repeated. "It has been everything that is the opposite of that." And her tone showed that she did not say this because she felt it was the proper thing.

"While I was not certain about your pleasure, I had not the slightest doubt of my niece's," rejoined Mr. Thorndike. He could always say a handsome thing when he chose.

"Alsey is the warmest-hearted little creature in the world," answered Natalie, parrying the implied compliment. "How glad she will be to see you!"

"I was counting on that when I stole up and surprised you in your greenwood tree." And again an amused glance shot from the keen gray eyes into Natalie's.

Then Mr. Thorndike explained that he had left his horse in the road, once more begged Miss Vane's pardon for his intrusion, expressed his hope of meeting her soon at the house, and took his leave.

As he re-crossed the pasture, he said to himself:

"By Jove! If this thing had happened twenty-five years ago, I should have been thoroughly mashed," and then he laughed to himself. The laugh had a strong, solid ring. It would have made you rather like the man.

Natalie stood under the tree where he had left her. Certainly, if she could have preordained the meeting with Alsey's uncle, it would not have been in this fashion. But she concluded it was perhaps just as well. The ice was broken now, and they would be spared all the formalities of an introduction. She had recognized him at once from his portrait. She was glad to find that she liked him better than she had expected. The truth was, she had looked forward with some dread to meeting Mr. Thorndike, fearing his society would be always a little tax on her.

Natalie picked up her pencil in the grass, but she did not return to the cherry-tree. The radiant mood of the morning had vanished. She had had no shock, no sharp revulsion of feeling; but, without her being really aware of it, this man's strong, robust personality had had its effect on her.

A different frame of mind had supplanted the large, joyous mood of the morning. The sky had lost none of its vivid blue, nor the bird's song its sweetness. Light winds frolicked and sunshine flickered in the tree as before, but they did not draw Natalie to return to it. Indeed, her going



there at all began to seem just a little absurd, as she looked at it through Mr. Thorndike's eyes. *She had had to come down to the ground to meet him.*

## CHAPTER VII.

AS the basket-phaeton rolled up to the carriage-steps, Alsey Faxon gave a little cry of surprise—she had caught sight of her uncle in the hall-doorway. A minute later, her arms were around his neck and some soft kisses, from the sweetest of warm, red mouths, rained on his cheek.

"You dreadful uncle! Whoever dreamed that you would steal on us in this ghostly way!" exclaimed Alsey, as she hung about him while they entered the sitting-room. "But what have you been doing? You are as brown as a gypsy."

"I presume so. Coasting in a yacht, camping out in a Maine wilderness, is not apt to improve a fellow's complexion."

"But it isn't so unbecoming, after all," replied Alsey, inspecting him critically. "O Uncle Andrew!" she burst out in a moment, "what a splendid Othello you would make now, if we could only get up some tableaux!"

"I am delighted to hear it," he replied, in a tone that was suspiciously serious, "but I have, unfortunately, some business on hand that will prevent my turning Othello, even if I have secured the proper complexion."

"Business?" retorted Alsey; "that horrid humbug the first thing!"

"Where do you suppose you would be to-day if it were not for that humbug, as you call it?"

Alsey did not condescend to reply to this question. The problem of ways and means was of no more concern to her than the revolution of the earth on its axis.

In a moment, her uncle asked:

"What mischief have you been up to all this time? It has agreed with you, certainly!" looking at the sparkling face in its frame of golden hair.

"It hasn't been mischief, Uncle Andrew; it's been a splendid time."

"I'm heartily glad of it. But that answer doesn't enlighten me as to what you have been about all these weeks."

"Miss Vane and I know!" exclaimed the girl, rather mysteriously. Then she cried out, "I must run up-stairs and tell her you are come."

"You may spare yourself that trouble. She knows it already."

"She does?" cried Alsey, in a tone of immense surprise. "Who told her?"

"I—myself."

"Uncle Andrew?"

"Well?"

"Have you seen Miss Vane?"

"I have; she did not prove Medusa to me."

"How—where was it?"

"I saw the young woman sitting in a tree."

"Uncle Andrew, are you making fun of me?"

"Not in the least; I am telling you the absolute truth."

Alsey's eyes were on his face. He met her doubtful, perplexed glance with a perfectly serious one. She could always tell by his look when he was chaffing her.

"Met Miss Vane—in—a—tree?" repeated Alsey, as though she were trying to take in the meaning of words she hardly comprehended.

"That states the fact precisely, my dear," said her uncle, evidently enjoying his niece's amazement.

"But how did she get there?"

"By mounting a step-ladder, apparently."

"But what made her do it? Miss Vane is not in the habit of sitting in trees."

"A man cannot always account for a woman's motive. In the present case, I can only certify to the fact."

"What kind of a tree was it?" continued the young, impatient voice.

"A cherry-tree."

"Where was it?"

"In the old pasture at the foot of the lane. I saw her as I drove up the road—at least, I caught a glimpse of something white among the leaves and went after it. I fancied it was one of your freaks—mounting up there—and thought I would give you a surprise."

"And you found out your mistake?"

"I did when I shouted up to the figure. It rose, came down out of the cherry-tree, and confronted me."

There were merry gleams in Alsey's eyes by this time, and smiles bringing out all her pretty dimples.

"Oh! it must have been dreadfully funny!" she exclaimed. "And you really thought it was I?"

"I was never so dumbfounded in my life as when I found it was somebody else!"

Then the ludicrous side of the encounter struck Alsey's young sense of humor with immense force. She broke into the merriest peals of laughter, until the tears came into her eyes.

"What did you do?" she asked, as soon as she could catch her breath.

"The lady spoke first. She divined who I was at once and introduced herself."

"She must have known you from your portrait," explained Alsey. "I can imagine just how she went through it all."

"It was an awkward position for her," continued Mr. Thorndike. "It would have tried any young woman's mettle. I must acknowledge Miss Vane carried the thing off with admirable self-command."

"Of course she did," replied Alsey, very decidedly; "nobody who knew her could doubt that. Don't you think she is lovely, Uncle Andrew?"

"I think Miss Vane is an extremely pretty young woman," replied Mr. Thorndike.

Alsey regarded this as a very inadequate compliment.

"Pretty!" she echoed, indignantly. "Miss Vane is beautiful, charming, graceful—"

"There! there! Your adjectives won't go round, Alsey."

"That is because Miss Vane is more than all of them," she retorted, in the bright way that always pleased her uncle. Then a sudden, arch look came into the girl's eyes, her head perched itself in a pretty, defiant fashion of its own.

"What did you think of Miss Vane's little spindling curls?" she asked; "and her spectacles, you know, Uncle Andrew? and her voice, that sounded as though she were hearing a recitation?"

This time he broke into a hearty laugh.

"I was most thoroughly sold," he said. "And you—you must have been intending to have a big joke at my expense."

During this time Alsey had not been quiet for a moment. She would perch herself for an instant on the arm of her uncle's chair, and then she would dart up and hover about him, her motions reminding one of a bird, or any small, graceful, wild creature.

"But now her face grew serious. She came close to her uncle; she took an attitude and stretched out her arm in a pretty, dramatic way:

"I would match my Boston schoolma'am," she said, "as you called her, Uncle Andrew, against any princess that walks the earth!"

"That was quite effectively done, my dear," commented Mr. Thorndike. He did not object to this enthusiasm on his niece's part; he thought it belonged to her size and age; he would not disturb it by the utterance of any of those general maxims whose wisdom his experience and his masculinity had taught him. Perhaps it was pretty enthusiasms of this sort which, after all, kept the world from going quite to the dogs.

These reflections summed themselves up in a half-amused, half-patronizing—

"Do you know, Alsey, you are a little goosie?"

During the progress of this talk Miss Vane had returned and gone to her room. She heard Alsey's peals of laughter, and suspected that her uncle was relating his adventure of the morning. She knew perfectly how it would strike the girl, and laughed a little herself in sympathy.

In a little while there was a knock at the door, and Alsey burst, breathless, into the room—"I know all about it," she panted; "it was awfully funny!" And then her little peals of laughter broke out again.

"Yes, it was," said Miss Vane, "altogether one

of the funniest things that ever happened to me."

"But what in the world sent you up into that cherry-tree?" inquired Alsey, as soon as she could speak.

"It was the lane did it."

"The lane?"

"Yes—such an old, lovely, wild, woody place as it was! I found it, you see, in my stroll about the grounds. It drew me over the stone wall and straight through the vines and briers. It was as still and fragrant as an old enchanted wood, and I kept on as though some spell held me, until I reached the end, and lo! there was the big tree, with the step-ladder and the ripe cherries shining among the leaves. They were all too much for me. But I supposed when I got into that tree that I was as safely hidden as Robinson Crusoe in his Pacific island."

Alsey brought her palms softly together.

"To think, of all times in the world, Uncle Andrew should come along at that one! But, after all, I think your meeting him in just this way was the most delightful possible."

Natalie had flashing instincts. Was there something in Alsey's tone which struck her at this moment? The girl was looking at her friend now and laughing softly to herself. It seemed as though she were on the brink of some disclosure, which second thought retained.

But Natalie leaped at once to the truth. Mr. Thorndike, no doubt, had formed his own impressions of his niece's friend, and had been at no pains to conceal them. The facts, it appeared, had not corresponded with his notions. That explained Alsey's interest in their first meeting. She was evidently very triumphant over the result. Natalie perceived, too, that Alsey was eager to make a clean breast of it. But a sense of loyalty to her uncle restrained her. She was so anxious to confide the whole, so doubtful as to there being any harm in doing so, that a word from Natalie would have drawn out the whole.

But though the latter's curiosity was by this time a good deal aroused, she could not gratify it at the expense of Alsey's conscience. She must help the girl to maintain the silence her highest instincts taught her she owed to her uncle. So Natalie assumed a light tone as she said:

"Yes, there seems nothing better than to dismiss the whole affair with a laugh. I shall always be conscious, though, of the figure I must have cut to your uncle when I came down from that tree."

"He said you did it with admirable self-command," replied Alsey, on safe ground now.

"I am delighted that he thought so. When your uncle surprised me I was deep in a bit of drawing. I saw on the ground some scarlet berries across a gray-lichened branch, and a humming-bird—the dearest little thing, with flashing

green wings—dipping its bill among the red berries. It will be a lovely suly in water-colors. Some time I shall put in a plaque."

While Alsey was looking at the square of paper a sudden impulse seized Miss Vane. She drew down the head, with its sun-like gold, to her face, and kissed the blooming cheek.

"O Alsey! what a little goosie you are!" she said, with a low laugh.

"Why, that is precisely what Uncle Andrew just now said of me!" exclaimed Alsey.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Miss Vane met Mr. Thorndike that day at lunch, she was conscious that the circumstances of their first meeting had placed them on a more familiar footing than days of ordinary intercourse could have done. She enjoyed her host's talk. His humorous descriptions of his adventures on the yacht and among the Rangeley Lakes interested her. It was vigorous, trenchant talk, not without a picturesque quality in seizing the right word and dealing in no superfluous ones. The short, incisive sentences had often the effect of epigram. Then, behind the talk, was the personality of the speaker, giving, in this case, some fresh weight to his words.

The egotism of a man who had more faith in himself than in anything on the earth or in the heavens above it was frequently cropping out in Mr. Thorndike's conversation. But this quality did not, with women, take any offensive forms. His figures of speech at once marked the man of business. If his talk was seasoned with the slang of the Rialto, it yet would not be fair to call it coarse. His native ability had the advantage of an early New England schooling. Mr. Thorndike probably would not outrage his vernacular by saying, "It don't," or "Real glad."

As a host, too, the man was always at his best. At the head of his own table he had an agreeable sense of power and proprietorship, which, added to his natural hospitality, brought out his most agreeable side. Natalie was glad in proportion to her previous doubt that she could like her host so well. His playful banter with his niece amused her, and Alsey's gayly affectionate ways with her uncle often touched Natalie's heart.

The day after Mr. Thorndike's return Miss Vane had a letter which saved her the trouble of arranging her programme for the remainder of the summer.

The friends, whom she was to join at the mountains, had suddenly resolved on a trip down the St. Lawrence. They invited her to join them and see the old walled town of Quebec and the Cathedral at Montreal. It was necessary she should decide immediately.

Natalie felt there was but one thing to do. Of

course, the leaving would cost her some pangs. Such a lovely, restful Eden as this Oak Glades had been to her! But that only made the reasons for going the more imperative. Natalie wrote to her friends that she would join them the last of the week.

At supper that night she declared her intention. It was met by a loud, deprecatory cry from Alsey.

"You are not going to stir an inch, Miss Vane. I think it is very cruel in your friends to try to drag you away from us. But it shall not be!"—flushing and pouting like the spoiled child she could show herself on occasion. "Uncle Andrew"—turning to the head of the table—"won't you insist that we shall not permit Miss Vane to leave us this summer?"

"Certainly we shall not," he answered, politely, as he handed his cup to the waiter. "We will not deliver Miss Vane to her friends, though we have to stand a siege of the premises and be reduced to bread and water."

This was the polite thing to say, but Natalie never dreamed of its influencing her movements. There was no time to reply, however, as some guests were suddenly announced.

She went out that evening and walked about the piazza. All the sweet scents of the growing night came to her from the flowers and the far pine-woods. The last colors of the day were dying out in the west in flushes of pink cloud and patches of tender violet. The young moon made a slender sickle in the sky. Natalie glanced over her right shoulder, mindful of the old tradition. The next instant she was smiling at her own absurdity.

The end of all which had made this last month an idyl of rest and beauty in her life was close at hand. A little shadow stole over her spirits with that reflection. To-morrow, she told herself, she must go down to the shore and over into the pines for the last time. That thought would lend a certain pathos to all the loveliness.

Natalie gave a sudden start, remembering she had forgotten to post her letter. It must go down at once in order to reach the morning's mail. She started to go in-doors, and on the threshold she met Mr. Thorndike, cigar in hand.

"This is very lucky!" he exclaimed. "I was just wanting to have a little talk with you, Miss Vane. Can you spare me a few minutes?"

Of course, there could be but one reply to this question. Natalie returned to the piazza with her host, and he seated her in a great rocking-chair and took another at hand.

All the tender glow had vanished in the west by this time, and the slender rim of moon and the thick-growing stars had the sky to themselves.

In a moment Mr. Thorndike began, in his prompt, straightforward fashion:

"I hope you were not in earnest, Miss Vane, when you spoke of leaving us so soon?"

"Do you call it 'soon,' Mr. Thorndike," asked Natalie, with just a glimmer of archness in her smile, "when I have been here more than a month? But I was quite in earnest."

"Then I beg you to revise your decision."

"You are very kind. I am deeply obliged to you. But I have this afternoon written my friends that I would join them before the end of the week."

"I hope you have not had a chance to mail the letter."

"I was just seeking for one when I ran upon you."

"Then I want to make a suggestion, Miss Vane—a petition, rather. Won't you please put that letter in the fire, and write another informing your friends you have decided to spend the rest of the summer at Oak Glades?"

No mere courtesy could prompt an invitation of this sort. The whole tone and manner of the request showed that Mr. Thorndike meant what he asked.

Natalie was a good deal taken by surprise. Before she could reply, however, her companion went on speaking:

"It will cut Alsey to the heart to have you go away. If all other pleas fail, won't that thought be enough to induce you to remain? The child is happier with you than with anybody else in the world."

"All this is very pleasant for me to hear. That goes without saying, Mr. Thorndike," replied Natalie. But she did not seize the opportunity afforded her for launching into praises of his niece or protestations of her own affection. Mr. Thorndike noticed her reticence. He approved of it. "Sensible woman," was his mental comment. In a moment he was speaking again:

"I am greatly obliged to you for all you have been to my niece. I felt some anxiety about leaving the child, with her hap-hazard little brain, to her own devices. She is just at that age when she needs—somebody a busy, absorbed man like myself cannot be to her. With her warm heart, she has a quick temper and a will of her own. It is of immense importance that she should take likings to the right sort of people. You can do anything with her. Can't you be induced, for Alsey's sake, to sacrifice yourself for the rest of the summer?"

When Andrew Thorndike had a point to carry he generally did it handsomely. It is true that when he asked a favor there was something in his tone and air which subtly implied that he was more used to bestowing than asking things of this sort, but that, perhaps, only lent additional weight to his request. He had the name of bringing over the hardest-headed and sharpest-sighted of

his business associates to his own view of the stock market. Indeed, it was generally supposed that he owed some of his largest successes to his power of convincing others.

But the matter in question was hardly one for argument. Whatever attractions the proposed trip might have for Natalie, they fell far short of those which Oak Glades could offer her. She was so conscious of this that she could not prolong her visit on the ground merely of doing a favor to others.

With this feeling, she answered Mr. Thorndike:

"If I remain there will be nothing in the nature of a sacrifice about it. It seems quite absurd to speak of it in that light, when I remember how very happy I have been here."

"Then let us have the pleasure of continuing to make you so," he politely rejoined. "I must necessarily be a good deal occupied while I am here; and that small niece of mine, whose impulses are apt to run away with her, will need you as much as though I were absent. You see, I still insist the favor will be on our side!" and the smile with which he concluded became the keen, strong face.

At that instant, light feet tripped along the piazza. Then Alsey stood before them. She had just parted from some friends who had driven over from the hotel.

"Oh! here you two people are!" she exclaimed, joyfully, on catching sight of them in the light that shone out from the hall. "I was wondering where you could be!"

"Such a clatter of young tongues as has been going on inside!" exclaimed her uncle. "We were driven out here to save ourselves from growing deaf."

"Each one of us had lots to talk about, you know," was all the explanation Alsey deigned. Then she came closer and dropped down on her uncle's knee, while her fair, golden head gleamed like the wheat-fields which spread that night over the wide Maine-land, "ripe for the harvest."

"It seems good to see you back again, you dear old Uncle Andrew," she said, with little, elastic springs of her slender frame. "What was you and Miss Vane talking about?"

"Something in which you have a stake, you bit of incorrigible femininity. I was trying to persuade Miss Vane to stay with us and keep you from going off on a tangent."

"Of course she will stay with us," cried Alsey, turning to her friend, in a tone that was very decided and a good deal aggrieved.

"I hope so," replied Mr. Thorndike; "but it seems I appeared just in the nick of time to prevent her sending off a letter in which she had promised her friends to join them before the week was out."

"O Miss Vane! how could you?" cried Alsey, with the aggrieved, indignant tone uppermost in



her voice this time. "You shall not go away and leave us for those other people. They do not love you half as well as we do!"

"That little plural commits me with a vengeance!" thought Mr. Thorndike, and then he heard Miss Vane's low, amused laugh—not a ripple of embarrassment, as there might have been in a woman with a different sort of nervous heredity, or another kind of bringing up. "Can you have the heart, Miss Vane, to resist an appeal like that?" he asked, gayly.

"Just say you will *not* send the letter—that is all," broke in Alsey, with pleading impatience.

"Well, then, I will *not* send it, Alsey."

When she heard that, the girl sprang to her feet, rushed to her friend, and kissed her rapturously. The next instant she was back on her uncle's knee, with those little, springy bounds that made one think of all small, darting things on the earth, in the air or the waters, full of restless, palpitating life. She was saying, in her eager, exultant tone:

"Now it is all settled. We are to have every inch of you for the rest of the summer all to ourselves, Miss Vane!"

It was Mr. Thorndike's time to speak now. He said something very kind and courteous about his gratification at Miss Vane's decision. Some talk followed, interspersed with a good deal of bright banter between Mr. Thorndike and his niece, in which sometimes one, sometimes the other, had the best of it. Then the gentleman excused himself and went into the library to look over the piles of mail which had accumulated in his absence, and Natalie and Alsey walked about the piazza, in the warm, sweet-scented darkness, and the young moon went down and left the sky with its ancient stars.

#### CHAPTER IX.

THE next month went by at Oak Glades as months sometimes do in human lives, a "joyous march of days."

The life was more varied than in Mr. Thorndike's absence. His return brought a good many people to the house. These were largely business acquaintances; but their presence involved more or less extension of hospitalities on the owner's part, and this was something in which Andrew Thorndike was never wanting. He was almost certain to be a favorite with the men and women who met him at his own table.

The latter were frequently his guests, usually wives and daughters of his city friends, who, going and coming to and from the sea-shore and mountain resorts of New England, found it delightful to take Oak Glades in their way. So they came and went—many of them gay butterflies of fashion, but their bright laughter, their soft, buzzing talk, their faces fair on the staircases and

about the rooms, their pretty dresses, gave a life and picturesqueness to the house which Natalie enjoyed.

Sometimes there were picnics in the pine-woods and down on the gray beaches, with the infinite outlook of shining, sparkling sea and the tumbling of the white, glittering surf about the gloomy old rocks, and the soft ditty of the waves mingled with the gay laughter of human voices.

The evenings were gay, too, with music and songs, with games and dances, and, two or three times, with pretty, effective tableaux.

These last were devised by Miss Vane and Alsey, the latter, to use her own words, "pouncing" on her uncle and forcing him to consent to take two or three rôles of an Oriental and barbaric sort, in which it was the general feminine verdict that he did himself immense credit.

Yet the gayety was, after all, only a pleasant break in the life at Oak Glades, which slipped easily back into a quiet home routine.

Mr. Thorndike was away a good deal, inspecting his varied properties in real estate and lumber, making new investments or disposing of old ones. Then his niece and her friend would return to the old ways, and the quiet would wear a greater charm for the gay bustle that had preceded it.

Whenever he was at home, too, Mr. Thorndike was much occupied with his telegrams and letters. But it was, of course, inevitable that he should see a good deal of his guest.

The two got on well together—at least, that was what Alsey thought, always on the watch for her friend and a little inclined to be sensitive lest her uncle should not do Miss Vane justice.

The more Natalie saw of the man the better, on the whole, she liked him. She enjoyed his stories, his trenchant talk, the wit that subtly favored it. What a robust sense he had, what keen, practical shrewdness! These were the qualities that won success in this life—on certain levels.

Andrew Thorndike had the attraction of a fresh study to the young, brown-eyed woman, whose intuitions read him so keenly. It required far less acuteness than hers to perceive his colossal egotism. But perhaps, she reflected, he owed to this infinite faith in himself much of his success.

Natalie used sometimes to compare this man with her father, a little, curious smile dawning about her lips, which, if her host had read, would not have flattered him. These mental comparisons would usually surprise Natalie when Mr. Thorndike was expressing his sentiments regarding the world at large and the people who composed it. He had anything but a high estimate of his kind, and he expressed his views in the same positive, incisive sort of tone with which he discussed a rise or fall in the stock markets.

But it sometimes happened that Natalie had heard her father aver his own convictions on some

of these very topics. The ideas of the two men were as wide apart as the poles.

But Alsey was right in thinking the two were getting on well together. Her uncle enjoyed talking with Natalie. He was not long in making up his mind that she was a wonderfully bright young woman, with a good deal less nonsense about her than most of her sex. She put him more on his mettle than he was quite aware; for the delicate lance of her woman's wit never wounded his masculine self-love.

Their intercourse from the beginning had almost a tone of good *camaraderie*. Perhaps this was, in some degree, owing to Alsey. But Fate had taken the matter from the first into her own hands. It was impossible for Natalie to preserve quite the attitude of a new acquaintance with Mr. Thorndike from the time when she floated down to him out of the cherry-tree. It was impossible, too, that the new presence he had found at Oak Glades should not impart to the household atmosphere some influence that was like a fine, subtle perfume, and that can exist only where there is a delicate and gracious womanhood.

#### CHAPTER X.

THERE was a grand slope of lawn in front of the cottage. It was the scene of all sorts of games—archery, croquet, lawn-tennis. The latter was a special favorite with Alsey, and when there was no company it came to be almost a matter of course that she and Natalie would have a half hour after sundown with the bats and balls.

One evening, nearly a month after his return, Mr. Thorndike came out on the piazza with his cigar, as was his custom, and watched the two awhile. It seemed a pity he was not an artist at that particular moment. The sun had almost dropped behind the hills in the west, but patches and flakes of red fire glowed on the shrubs and leaves. It glanced and hovered about those two fair young heads on the lawn. It kindled the live gold in Alsey's hair; it shot through the masses of auburn-red, which made such a lovely background for the fine profile of her companion—a profile which could not fail to remind you of some rare old cameo. The vivid picture on the lawn, the graceful movements of the players, the balls bounding over the netting, the dark, rich green of the sward, and the patches of red light—all had a share in the scene on which Andrew Thorndike's keen eyes were gazing with pleased interest that evening. The players were too much absorbed in their game to have a thought of him or of how their swift, graceful movements would appear to any one who watched them from the piazza.

As for the red light that was making such bewitching work with their hair, they only knew

that when it struck into their eyes they made a false stroke. This was sure to be followed by a double peal of laughter, which rang merrily in Mr. Thorndike's ears.

At last he finished his cigar, descended the piazza, and joined the young people on the lawn.

"Let me have a hand in this fun," he said, in his good natured way. "I have been watching you from the piazza. You are having altogether too good a time by yourselves." And he took up one of the bats which lay in the grass, and, joining in the game, brought to it for the next few minutes a new element of life and fun.

Then something called Alsey away, and she left her uncle and Miss Vane to continue the sport. By this time the light had begun to fade, the breeze from the sea had freshened, and, as though it caught the frolic mood of the moment, it seized Natalie's hat—a light straw thing, which had slipped on one side of her head—and carried it over the netting.

Mr. Thorndike caught the hat before it reached the ground and brought it to Natalie. She was looking very lovely at that moment, her brown eyes full of happy light, her cheeks in the reddest glow with her swift exercise.

As she took the hat, thanking him, and laughing a little over her awkwardness in losing it, a man could hardly have failed to be stirred by the proximity of that lovely face. In an instant, and before he quite realized what he was doing, Mr. Thorndike bent down and kissed it.

Natalie started back as though something had stung her. There was a woman's confusion of scarlet blushes in her cheeks. But there was also a woman's swift pain and indignation over what she could not fail to regard as an unwarrantable liberty.

"Oh! how *dared* you do that?" It was a hurt, resentful outcry. Natalie did not know what she was saying—hardly to whom she was saying it. She only knew an instant later that she was walking rapidly toward the house.

"I have made a perfect fool of myself!" ruminated the man she left on the lawn. He shot the unoffending bat angrily to the ground. "What got into you, Andrew Thorndike?" And he laughed to himself, a half-amused, half-uncomfortable laugh. It was thoroughly like him to add in a moment, seeing his mistake, "But I must set this thing right at once." And he started for the house.

By the time Natalie reached her room she had partly recovered herself.

"It must be largely my fault," she said, the tears of wounded self-respect in her eyes. "No man would have presumed to act like that with a lady—his guest—unless he felt justified in the liberty. You should not have yielded to their

persuasions—you have stayed here too long, Natalie Vane—you—”

At that moment there was a knock at the door. When Natalie opened it she found Mr. Thorndike standing there.

“I have come to make you the humblest of apologies, Miss Vane,” he said, with a tone and manner which left no doubt of his sincerity; “I am sure that your good sense must convince you that nothing could be further from my intentions than to pain or annoy you. But”—his manner suddenly changed from its kindly seriousness to that frank good-humor which was one of his most agreeable aspects—“I think, after all, you were quite as much to blame as I was. A woman has no right to look so pretty that a man old enough to be her father forgets for an instant that he is not.”

It was impossible not to accept this apology in the spirit in which it was offered. Natalie Vane had not a fibre of prudery in her. I must have signally failed in making her clear to you if you have not already discerned that any affectation was impossible with her. She gave her hand on the instant to Mr. Thorndike.

“I—I shall not think of it again,” she said, with graceful simplicity.

Half an hour later Mr. Thorndike was taking his second cigar on the piazza. It was a rather unusual indulgence with him so late in the evening.

“By Jove,” he said to himself, “weren’t her eyes splendid! She looked like a roused lioness.” Once in a while he laughed, in a low, amused way. “It was well I could take that fatherly tack with her, even though I possibly stretched the facts a little. After all, she behaved as—as, under the circumstances, I should want any woman to do for whom I cared. If I were twenty years younger now, this scene would have finished me—no question of that!”

Andrew Thorndike had the name of being a keen, hard-headed man among those who knew him best. But, with all his shrewdness, it did not occur to him that when a man gets so far as to admit to himself that his only reason for not falling in love with a woman is her youth, he will not find that obstacle an insuperable one.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LONG before the child is able to understand a problem in arithmetic he may be taught to use his hands deftly in a variety of ways. If he learns this lesson thoroughly, if he forms the habit of doing some sort of hand-work neatly, carefully, and well, he will bring to his mathematics a power of seeing the point, of grasping the principle, and of patiently and accurately carrying out the process that another child, without such experience, will lack.

## A GENOESE CHRISTMAS EVE.

A STARLIGHT night, a breezy rustling of leaves, soft perfumes and rippling laughter, drowsy flowers bending low their tinted blossoms, and a fair city, her feet kissed by the caressing waters of the blue Genoese Gulf; a fair and haughty city, truly, reposing upon a lovely throne of Nature's own providing, and looking forth in fearless freedom over the ocean, where her fleets ruled the commerce of the world—a city which, in her proud republicanism, dictated terms to kings and potentates.

The streets resound with merry songs, and the gay Genoese dames, in their brilliant dresses, lean forth from balconies draped in floral wreaths and gaze with laughing interest and coquettish glances into the crowd below, the whole scene illuminated by flaring torches and colored lanterns borne aloft on long poles.

Not much like our Christmas Eve, reader, is it? And yet, 'tis even so; for it is the “Eve of the Nativity,” when, in more northern climes, the bright, cold moon shines down on fields of sparkling snow, and fur-clad people pass rapidly by toward the ruddy firelight; the night of nights in this broad world of God, when angels sing for joy and the Christmas carols ring out, “Peace on earth, good-will to men;” the night when cautious whispers come from small, white figures, wending their stealthy way to the deserted chimney-corner, there to hang the time-honored invitation to Santa Claus in full expectation of his royal bounty.

A sharp contrast, indeed, but more on the face of Nature than in the hearts of her children; for humanity forms one great brotherhood the world over, and the Christ-child came to save all—yea, even the least and the poorest. Come with me, dear reader, and we will see how these Genoese of the fourteenth century passed their Christmas Eve.

On the banks of a peaceful river in the neighboring Val di Basagno the peasantry have assembled to elect their new “Abbot,” or Governor, for the coming year—a volatile Southern crowd, overflowing with mirth and jests, and pressing eagerly around two large stones placed side by side.

On one of these stones stands the retiring Abbot, clad in toga and beretta, and on the other his successor. The former, divesting himself of the insignia of office, presents the new Abbot with the standard of St. George, accompanying the gift with good advice, which is received with much deference; and then, amid the shouts of the concourse, they proceed to pay their respects to the Doge of Genoa and present to him their annual present.

A cart, drawn by oxen decorated with ribbons,

precedes the motley throng, and in it is placed the Doge's Christmas gift—a young tree covered with branches and handsomely ornamented with flowers. This offering is guarded by the Magistrate, a Notary, and a Senator; and the procession, as it wends its way toward Genoa, attracts a great crowd of pleasure-seekers.

On marches the great throng in triumph under the shadow of the magnificent palaces of the Fieschi and the Doria, the head of the latter family having earned for himself the *sobriquet* of the "Royal Innkeeper," from the frequency of his magnificent hospitality to the crowned heads of Europe.

Onward still the immense crowd moves, winding through the narrow streets gorgeous in their lines of marble dwellings, until it arrives opposite the Ducal Palace, where the gift is deposited in the court-yard, while the newly installed Abbot seeks the Doge, greeting him with, "Well found, Messer Doge."

The venerable man, bending beneath his short-lived splendor, replies, "Welcome, Messer Abbot;" and exchanging mutual good wishes, the Abbot, after placing a bouquet in the hand of the Doge and receiving in return a well-filled purse, returns to his companions, who, with good wishes and merry songs, separate—some to their homes, others to remain behind to witness the formal acceptance of the Christmas present.

As the hour of midnight tolls in solemn tones from the tall church-towers and dies slowly on the air in varied cadences of silvery bells, the door of the palace is slowly opened and quietly comes forth a grave procession—the Doge and the members of his Council, each with a lighted torch in his hand, which he applies to the Christmas tree, and, as it blazes up as though glorying in the light and heat it gave, into it is cast a vase of good wine, some comfits, and some sugar, after which they again retire as they came. Strange indeed it is to see these venerable men, in the long, flowing robe of Medieval Italy, with heads covered by the quaint beretta, their figures dimly seen through the fantastic, waving shadows made by the advancing flame and cloudy smoke.

Thus it appears that over five centuries ago the forests contributed their share toward the honoring of the Christ-child, bringing to our minds the prophetic words of the "sweet singer of Israel:" "The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars; yea, the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon. He maketh them also to skip like a young calf; Lebanon and Sirion like a young unicorn. The voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire. The voice of the Lord shaketh the wilderness; the Lord shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh. The voice of the Lord maketh the hinds to calve and discovereth the forests; and in His temple doth every one speak of His glory. The Lord sitteth

upon the flood; yea, the Lord sitteth King forever. The Lord will give strength unto His people; the Lord will bless His people with peace."

H. S. A.

## BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

AT THE DEACON'S.

WE were talking about Christmas gifts—Mrs. Fisher, Mrs. Hammond, and myself.

We were wondering what brother Sam Henderson would get for his wife this year. They are people in barely comfortable circumstances, have enough to eat, drink, and wear, but not much to spend for luxuries or visits or anything of that kind. And we three laughed over the gifts that Sam presents her on Christmas. The poor soul! One time it was a lavender Irish poplin dress pattern that was ruined after she, the mother of a frolicsome baby of seven months, had worn it three or four times. Sam's wife's hair and complexion are between tow and lavender. Another time it was a pair of bracelets, and another time a pair of beautiful vases, silver and pale blue, with edges like the leaves of the white wild rose. And we laughed at poor Sam's choice. To him she was the same pretty girl he wooed fifteen years before, not the poor, faded, gaunt, slipshod, weary wife and mother, burdened with household cares and serving, glad if she could keep enough aprons and hose ahead and clean, that each one of the four babies would know that Sunday morning meant clean clothes.

Mrs. Fisher said she did hope her gift this year would be something serviceable. She had long needed a new wash-tub and a woolen shawl; but she supposed instead of these really necessary things it would be a set of silver spoons or a couple of handsome napkin rings or the inevitable vases—a gift that all men fall back on when they are at their wits' end and are beguiled by the smooth talk of the dealer who has an unusually large stock of vases on hand.

Just then a charming thought came to us. We could have rubbed our hands in delight. How glad we were that we "was only Pipsey," a character who could do anything, and no one would make idle comments or misconstrue unkindly. Then we drew out our neighbor, Mrs. Hammond, and we all laughed over the gifts her Ben gives. One time it was a stereoscope, with two dollars' worth of views, not even pictures in her own State, but of Saint Paul's Cathedral, the Ascension of Marguerite, Niagara in Winter, the Glaciers, Peale's Court of Death, and like views, with not a bit of restful sunshine or poetry or beauty in one of them. Again, he bought her Fleetwood's *Life of Christ*, and another time a dress of some



sort of big blue and green checks that made her feel conspicuous in a crowd—like the bearded woman does in a side show. She told this with such zest and drollery that we all laughed noisily. She said she was like the old woman to whom a kind lady presented a cook book—she'd "a heap ruther had the ingriddiunts." At the same time that the wife smiled and bowed and blushed and thanked husband "Ben" for the gift, she was in need of a good flannel skirt and a dollar's worth of stocking-yarn. Oh! the poor men! they don't know!

And this was the thought that came to us then and there: We will, in a sly way, find out what the husbands of our acquaintance mean to give their wives, and then we will, in an easy, off-hand way, learn what the wives want and need. We will be the go-between, the joy-giver—the one quite as good as the peacemaker.

We really enjoyed this pleasant bit of secrecy. How easy it was, too! We would come up on the blind side of the men by saying, "O brother Blank! we are trying to think of a good gift for the Deacon's Christmas! Do help us some, can't you?"

And then, in nine cases out of ten, the reply would be something like this—"Dear me, I'm so worried about my own selections that I don't know which way to turn! More like you helping me! I've got my wife all the pretty things I can think of now."

Then I would say, "It's the easiest thing in the world to select gifts for a woman. I just wish I'd nothing else to do. I love it."

And the eager answer would often be, without any more strategy on our part, "Here, take this bill, Pipesey, do, please, and buy for me what you think best for my wife." And the good man would slip a V or an X into our hand. If he didn't do it we would tell him what to buy—nearly always something useful and good and practical.

It was not hard to learn what the women needed or would be pleased with. One woman will tell this to another and forget all about it in a few minutes.

Summed all up, the vases and bracelets and silk handkerchiefs and gaudy dress patterns and elegantly bound volumes of the old standard poets, cheap chromos, dressing cases, and fine slippers were not called for. Instead were useful, practical gifts—gifts that satisfied. Sam Henderson gave us a ten-dollar bill to buy his wife's Christmas gift.

Now, we had lived neighbor to them for three years, and we knew just the things they stood in need of. We knew what she borrowed oftenest and made a note of it, and on Christmas morning we will give Sam the bill of goods:

Three yards flannel, . . . . .	\$1 50
Two pairs all-wool hose, . . . . .	1 25
Ten yards muslin, . . . . .	1 50
Robbin's washer, . . . . .	3 50
Box assorted stationery, . . . . .	40
Metallic hair brush, . . . . .	50
Set common spoons, . . . . .	20
Dinner plates, . . . . .	50
Box of spool thread, . . . . .	60
Elastic for garters, . . . . .	05

\$10 00

And a bundle of good things will be found at the door of Mrs. Ben Hammond on Christmas morning, and in Mr. Ben's vest pocket will be found "the way the money goes," if he don't drop the bill into the stove. And it will read:

One large tin dish-pan, . . . . .	\$1 00
One large tin milk-pail, . . . . .	40
One small tin pail, . . . . .	30
One large and one small dipper, . . . . .	25
A new wash-board, . . . . .	25
A pair of Lisle thread gloves, . . . . .	50
A good bread knife, . . . . .	30
A new clothes-line, . . . . .	1 00
Brush and blacking for stove, . . . . .	20
Nun's veiling for polonaise, . . . . .	2 75
Rubber overshoes, . . . . .	50
Individual salts, . . . . .	50
Half-dozen soup bowls, . . . . .	75
Half-dozen tin-cups, . . . . .	30
Half-dozen pie tins, . . . . .	40
One small lace fichu, . . . . .	60

\$10 00

Another woman—the one who had needed the woolen shawl for years, instead of vases, and rugs too good to use—becomes the glad possessor of a long, good, all-wool shawl, worth seven dollars; another gets the black cashmere dress she so longed for; another, the plaid summer silk; another, the set of gold-banded china; another, two pairs of blankets; another, a wringer and a side saddle; another, a baby carriage; another wished for lots of flannel and yarn and Canton flannel; another, a good gold pen and a copy of Shakespeare; another, an oil-painting of "dear Irma, who died in her sixteenth year;" another, a hat of a style that pleased her exactly; another, a receipt for subscriptions paid for the next year for *Harper* and *The Century*, and lastly, dear old Auntie Ballentine has the one wish of her heart granted—"coal enough to last till the fust o' May."

Miss Fanny, the only daughter of a widow in moderate circumstances, said, when we went fishing around to see what she hoped her Christmas gift would be—"Oh! I am dying for a dear, sweet little gold watch and chain!" And she raised her

snow-white hands so affectedly that we said to ourself, half angry—"Well, die then! the world don't need such apologies of women to cumber its limited space!"

We thought if Fan had the grit of the average woman, she would work and earn whatever she wanted, instead of permitting her poor mother to make sacrifices for her. She could go into some of the back counties and teach or give music lessons, or sell corsets or books, or take an agency for a good magazine or paper, or she could go out as a nurse. All honest labor is respectable, but the selfish pride that allows one to take favors from another, in the way Miss Fanny would have done, is abominable, snobbish, despicable.

One of this class of shallow women said to us, when we put out the feeler of, What can we get for the Deacon's gift—"O Miss Potts! do get him a moustache-cup!" and the answer was, "Why! he has no moustache." "Well, then; get him a smoking-cap." "He never smokes," we replied; "he knows we hate smoke so badly." "Then get him a pair of embroidered slippers, and if they won't do, I guess there's nothing for him; that embraces all the good gifts I know of." She meant to give all three to her husband, she said, and we added that when he was so nicely equipped he would want to read and she'd better add that good book, *Men of Our Times*, or something similar. All men are pleased with that class of biography.

Several fathers and mothers confided to us that they were puzzled what to choose for the gifts to their sons, who were young men and lads, and we invariably recommended good books of biography and travel. At these impossible ages, boys' habits of reading good, sensible, truthful books are generally formed. One safeguard is thrown around them then.

One evening we sat at the table making out our list of gifts for Christmas, planning so as to make every cent the good husbands had given us go to the very farthest—buy the greatest possible amount of pleasure and usefulness. The Deacon sat on one side of the table reading his beloved paper, the *Banner*, by one lamp, and Lily and I on the other. She was reading the last of the Bronte books, *Agnes Gray* (we have the whole set now), and we were adding up rows of figures and drawing our brows over dollars and dimes.

Suddenly we heard the gate-latch click, a bustling step along the walk, an "Ahem!" a stamping on the porch, and then a long, pecking, pecking sort of rapping—a noise like old Tabitha lapping her milk.

Lily opened the door and in bobbed Deacon Skiles. We had not seen him since the day his wife was buried. He looked no older than in the times when he did a wooing go. There was no

outward sign of his bereavement, only the wide band of crape on his Leghorn hat—it came within an inch of the top.

We all shook hands and laid aside our papers respectfully. He turned to father and said, "Well, Deacon, how's your soul?" Father told him how it was, and then they began to talk, but about every three minutes the Deacon would have to open the door and speak to Jack, his old horse, that was hitched in the street. He would yell out, "You Jack! stiddy there, you old serpent!" "Jack! mind me, you pizen critter!"

We girls would nudge each other under the table, while we kept our faces clear and smiling. Father wanted him to put Jack in the stable and stay all night, but he said he'd "not missed a night from home since Rody's decease," and, as he'd got the hang o' things at home, he didn't know as he could sleep away from there. "I am a little pegulioor, Brother Potts," he said. "I have wore the same nightcap for twenty-two years an' I have reposed on the same, identical piller—a softly one, made of chicken feathers—goin' on thirty year. Habit is a great thing with me, um."

Then father asked him about his dear wife—how long she was sick, how she bore her illness, and if she was resigned in the hour of death.

Poor man! he tipped his hat back off his shelving forehead, fixed his milk-blue eyes on father, and said, with emphasis:

"No, Brother Potts, she wa'n't overly resigned, only partially, you may say; but you see she couldn't help herself—go she must. She tried to eat all she could so as to give strenth to her frame, hoping to get well again. She'd make me go to the butcher's for liver every few days—Mike allus gives the liver without pay—an' we'd fry it an' roast it an' grill it an' steam it an' parboil it with roached egg drapped on it, an' it never seemed to give her no sort o' strenth or vigor at all, at all! No; Rody wa'n't extraornarly reconciled, but she was a good woman, an' the Profit says, 'Her husband is known in the gates an' he sets among the elders o' the land,' an' you know that's so, Brother Potts; I allers set with the elders, um. My consort was sick, off an' on, for nearly a year. She hated powerfully to give up. At the time she was taken bad, she milked four cows an' sold over 'leven pounds o' butter every week. Butter was butter; it brought a good price; but as soon as we had to keep a hired girl the cows began to dry up and slack off a-givin' milk, an' 'twa'n't long till we only had enough to do ourselves. That grieved Rody—he took on about it powerfully, an' says I, 'Rody,' says I, 'tian't no use o' frettin'; 'twon't mend matters; things allers go so when the woman's sick. If the Good Man sees proper to afflict you, all we can do is to—' here he ran to the door and hailed out, "Jack! you old rennyget! if I come there, air!"

"I told Roady, says I, 'Dear companion,' says I, 'we're in the hands of a jest an' wise One, the head supervisor of all things, an' we must keep cool an' be patient, dm.'

"Well, well; it's a lonely old stub that I am now, Brother Potts. I've neither kith nor kin, chick nor child; nobuddy to wash, patch, darn, cook, comfort, or build fires, now. Nobuddy says, in the airy mornin's, 'Come, my love!' nobuddy says, 'How's your corns?' or 'How's your coffee?' none to comb my hair an' braid my cue an' brush off the dander of a Sabber day mornin'! It's lonely, um. Goodness knows 'taint nice now; I am an orphan—" here Jack piped out a whinny, and the Deacon hailed, "Jack! you oneasy cuss, you! If I come out, I'll—I'll—I am an orphan—no father, no mother, no wife, no brother, no sister—a lonely mountain-pine! a chestnut-tree smeared with the lightnings of the fervent elements, um!"

He leaned down and looked at the floor. Father didn't know what to say. Presently the Deacon said:

"Could a creetur git boardin' with you a spell, Brother Potts?"

And the answer was, that the girls were going to be absent for awhile and likely the house would be shut up; and then the old Deacon smiled in a dreamy way, and, looking at our papers, said:

"What hev you writ lately, Miss Pipey? Your assay at the Institute was proper good. I think you teched 'em up 'bout right. They was my sentiments; I allers said that." Taking off his hat, he looked at it and sighed, "Roady told me to wear a scarf on my hat one year. She asked it as a favor, um."

Lily remarked that the crape was very becoming.

Turning to father, he said: "We've allers been friends, Brother Potts; we 'ficated together, me an' you, many a time. I've allers calculated on your sympathy and brotherly good-will an' you've never gone back on me. How does the sow and pigs prosper that I sold you?"

Father said he'd raised every one of the pigs and none of them were given to rooting or jumping fences or lifting rails with their snouts.

"Just so," said the delighted Deacon; "that sow was a little mite of a pig when I gave it to my sainted Roady. It wa'n't wuth one dime—it's chances for life was very slim; but that noble woman fed it with a teaspoon, day after day, with a little denim bib round its neck. It growed terribly. There was a real human love between them, an' it would toddle 'round after my woman, sque-a-l-i-n-g, it would."

Here Jack, hearing the voice of his master, whinnied again. The Deacon rose. He put on his hat and tied it down with a silk kerchief and drew his coat-collar up about his neck, saying:

"Well, the best of friends must part, so good-

night, folks. I can't ask you to come an' see me, now; but I'll drap in once in a while. I want to see that sow an' pigs, an' I want to look at your cow an' the barn, an' I want to ask after your religion an' have a real spiritool talk and conversation. It will strenthen me. Let me see; three o' the pigs were black, one sandy, an' four o' 'em whitish. remember them. Yes; I'll call again; I allers did love that sow an' I want to see her."

PIPSEY POTTS.

### UNCLE ROBERT'S HEIRESS.

"I WILL make her my heir, Isabel, on condition that you will name her for me and faithfully promise that she shall never own nor play with a doll-baby."

"O Uncle Robert!"

"Take your choice, or rather choose for this little one. Twenty-five thousand dollars are not picked up so easily every day."

"I know. But, uncle, why do you impose such a hard condition?"

"Just because I abominate baby-talk—the tototy-wototy-tweedle-dee that women say over their babies. If the little girls didn't play with dolls we should have more sensible mothers. Now, if you will name her Robbie and promise this, I promise her the bulk of my fortune, or twenty-five thousand dollars, when she comes of age."

Mrs. Conway looked down on the little, dimpled face resting on her arm, and pondered over the strange proposal her uncle had made. Dared she accept? Dared she refuse? It was a tempting bait. One would be willing to sacrifice a great deal for twenty-five thousand dollars. On the other hand, it would be a long time before the little one could comprehend the hard condition—certainly not until the era of doll-babies was over; and how hard for both mother and child to keep the contract if made! Still, she believed she would be willing to try. Perhaps the little one would not care for dolls. Some girls did not, and Mrs. Conway suddenly remembered that she herself had little taste in that direction when a child. The little one might inherit her likings and care for out-of-door sports. This was her first born. She could direct her tastes to a great extent. She believed she would promise. So, raising baby in her arms and holding her close to her bosom, without lifting her eyes to her uncle's face, she said, softly and solemnly:

"I have no right to deprive the darling of your great favor. Uncle Robert, I promise."

"You're a sensible woman, Isabel," he said.

"I knew you were. There will be one house where I can enter among my relatives without seeing those blank, painted faces staring at me from sofa corners and easy chairs—heathen gods

that one may fall down and worship, but never remove from the best places in the house. I feel like exterminating the whole business sometimes. Now, I shall expect a different state of affairs here when this little one begins her career."

He spoke so earnestly and looked so indignant that his niece laughed in spite of herself.

"But, uncle," said Mrs. Conway, after a moment's pause, "it strikes me that this is a one-sided contract. Suppose your fortune takes to itself wings and flies away. Or suppose you marry and—"

"Stop right there, Isabel," said her uncle, wrathfully. "There is not a woman in Christendom whom I want to marry or whom I ever will marry. I promise you that, Isabel, as my share of the agreement. As for the other, my fortune is safely invested."

"Poor little thing!" said Mrs. Conway, looking down into the baby's soft blue eyes. "I do hope she will not have a liking for dollies. If she does—"

"But she won't, Isabel, if she's trained not to. Never let her have one, and she will never want one. She shall have everything else under the heavens above or in the earth beneath, but never a doll. Remember your promise, Isabel."

Isabel was not likely to forget. Hardly had the door closed behind her gruff uncle than her secret heart began questioning if she had really done right. What a hard path she might be making for both herself and her child. Dolls, baby would be sure to see, do her best; for there were nieces and cousins with houses full of them, to say nothing of the store windows. But she had given her word, and felt sure that her relatives would help her to keep it.

"She will be sure to want them if she is not to have them," said Mr. Conway, as they talked it over, with baby's cradle between them. "But if you can keep her from them, no doubt she will thank you sincerely when she shall be old enough to inherit Robert's promised twenty-five thousand."

"It's an abominable compact, Isabel," said Grandma Conway when she heard of it. "Why, I should as soon think of bringing up a girl without books as without dolls. As if it wasn't outlandish enough to be called by a boy's name all her life without being deprived of the sweetest privilege a little girl can enjoy. Depend upon it, Isabel, you have done a very foolish thing."

"Perhaps so, mother. But I felt that I had no right to turn away such a brilliant future for my little darling. I think I shall not have a very easy time of it myself, especially if little darling should develop a passion for dolls."

So the little one was named Robbie and the twenty-five thousand secured on the above-named conditions.

While the child remained an infant there was no difficulty in keeping the contract. But when two years had settled on the dainty little head she began to roll up rags and wrap them in pieces of her own clothing, and "rock-a-by" as mamma did, for a little brother lay in mamma's arms, and Robbie was no longer the baby.

"She is going to worship dollies, I know," cried Mrs. Conway, in despair, as she hastily proceeded to demolish the impromptu baby. "Robbie mustn't play with dollies. Get the pretty rabbits Uncle Robert brought, and the little ducks that can swim in the water-basin, and the rocking-horse."

"Don't want 'ee old fings," cried the little maiden, throwing down the proffered toys. "Me wants a baby dollye."

Mrs. Conway was in despair, but she got over the storm by allowing her to hold her baby brother for a short time.

"I want to dess him all 'lone," said Miss Willful, as she began unfastening the tiny garments, during which operation baby landed on his head at her feet.

"O Robbie! Robbie!" cried mamma. "That will never do. You must not undress baby."

"Don't want him, 'en. Me wants a 'ittle baby what don't cry when me sticks pins in it," pleaded Robbie.

"Robbie must wait, and if Robbie is good Uncle Robert will bring her a pony," said her mother, soothingly. For had not Uncle Robert promised anything and everything except the forbidden thing? And Robbie promised to be good and wait.

But what does a baby know about its own promises? Before a week she was rolling up rags and rocking them in her arms.

Among the family relatives there were a plenty of little girls and a superabundance of dolls. But having been informed of the singular condition upon which little Robbie was to inherit such vast wealth, they always put dolls and dolls' things out of sight whenever the prospective heiress was to appear. But shopkeepers were not so accommodating, and the dolls in the windows soon became a great attraction for the little girl, who would ask to be taken to the "baby shop," as she called it, and began to ask if she might not have one for her very own. About this time, too, a newcomer moved into the Conway neighborhood with four little girls and an unnumbered family of dolls. Robbie's mother was in despair, as one morning she saw Robbie reaching her dimpled hand over the fence to grasp the forbidden treasure. Quick as possible she snatched her away, and then told the little girls that they must never show one of their dolls to Robbie. It must be confessed that she felt very unpleasantly as she explained to their mamma the reason why and



begged her aid in the matter, which was pityingly promised.

After this Robbie grew clamorous for a dollie. Nothing else seemed to satisfy her. She would sit at the nursery-window and watch the four little Smiths, with their families, for hours together, with such a longing look in her sweet, blue eyes, that made the tears roll down her mother's face.

"My poor little dear!" said she, one day, when Robbie had cried and plead for a doll, "if mamma thought it best, you should have a dollie."

"All the rest of the little girls have dolls, mamma, and I'd rather have a doll than my rabbits or ducks or even the pony Uncle Robert promised me. Any old, ugly doll will do, mamma; I don't care if it isn't pitty, I'll love it just the same. Please, mamma."

Oh! how hard to resist the pathetic voice, so full of tears and longings. But twenty-five thousand dollars must not be sacrificed to the whim of a child. The promised pony arrived about this time, and then the tables were turned. The little Smiths left their families to watch through the fence as Robbie rode in triumph through the garden.

But this novelty wore off soon. Pony could not be brought into the house, and there seemed to be so many rainy days that summer; and then Robbie was disconsolate as she watched the little Smiths at their nursery windows dress and undress their families and play "go visiting," after the manner of little girls.

So things went on until Robbie had reached her sixth year. Never before had a little girl so many playthings. Uncle Robert took good care of that. Yet, strange to say, little Robbie cared nothing for any of these after their newness wore off, and would gladly have exchanged them, every one, for the ugliest doll that ever was made.

It so happened that one day, when her mamma had gone away and Robbie was moping disconsolately through the yard, that she espied something close to the fence that separated her from the Smiths' yard. Upon examination it proved to be a doll-baby. It was armless and footless, but it was, or had been, a doll; and no explorer ever grew more excited over a new discovery than did Robbie over this dilapidated specimen of a doll-baby. She kissed it and squeezed it and soothed it as a mother might her recovered lost baby. This was her very own, dropped down out of Heaven, she thought, for her comfort. God had heard her at last; for hadn't she, on bended knees, implored him to come to her rescue and send her a dollie? And here it was. Robbie never once thought that He might have sent a prettier one. It was a doll, and she was satisfied. The first thing to be done was to dress the treasure; and away flew Robbie to the nursery for suitable garments, and for one solid hour the little girl was

supremely happy. At the end of that time mamma returned. It was so still in the nursery that she softly opened the door, thinking the children had fallen asleep. In one corner, surrounded by rags of every shape and color, sat Robbie, and in her arms the forbidden treasure. Mamma didn't scream nor cry out—only stood there watching the earnest little face, and feeling a great lump swelling up in her throat.

Some slight movement made Robbie turn, and when she saw her mother and heard her say so solemnly, "O Robbie! how could you?" she hung her little head in sorrow; for, to do her justice, the little girl had never once thought she was doing wrong.

"I found it, mamma," she said, at last. "God must have dropped it right out of the sky. See, mamma; He hadn't quite got it done!" and she held up the armless, footless thing for proof.

"What will Uncle Robert say?" said mamma, severely.

"Seems to me," said Robbie, thoughtfully, "'twould o' been awful wicked to let it stay out there; so I took it. Oh! mayn't I keep it, mamma?" said Robbie, as her mother began gathering up the forbidden things, the tears coming to her eyes at the sight of her little girl's distressed face.

"No, darling," she said, in a choked voice; "this belongs to the little Smiths, I suppose."

"But I found her!" wailed Robbie, pitifully.

But mamma thought of the twenty-five thousand dollars, and resolutely packed up the forbidden treasures and promised Robbie a visit to grandma's. But Robbie refused to be comforted, and sobbed herself to sleep in her mother's arms.

"I don't think I can stand this much longer," said the mother, as she bent tenderly over the sweet, sad little face. "It's a hard price the darling is paying for what, after all, is an uncertain future."

The next day they set out for Grandma Conway's. Uncle Robert was to be there, and mamma Conway thought it best to caution little Johnny, the four-year-old baby, against mentioning anything about Robbie's interview with the forbidden doll. And Johnnie listened and resolutely promised.

Uncle Robert's presence was always a sure sign for something new and pretty for both the children, besides being a signal for sundry romps and sports. But this time grandma's house was full of company and the little ones were not favored with very much of their grand-uncle's society. Toward evening, however, the company had scattered and the family was pretty much alone. Little Johnny, for sundry reasons, had been kept away from his grand-uncle as much as possible; but, with the fire and lights of evening, Johnny grew suddenly anxious to be with him. Two or three times had he tried to speak with Uncle

Robert, but each time some one else had superseded him. Now, however, the child grew importunate, and the uncle, taking him in his arms, said:

"Now, my little fellow, I will hear what you have to say. What is it?"

"Uncle Robert," said Johnny, solemnly, "Robbie's got a doll, she has."

Had a thunderbolt fallen in their midst it could not have produced greater consternation.

"Is that true, Isabel?" asked the uncle.

"Not strictly, Uncle Robert," said Mrs. Conway, in confusion; and then she told the story of Robbie's adventure.

"The poor little martyr," said grandma, with her arms tight around Robbie and with her eyes full of tears.

But somehow Uncle Robert did not look nearly

so severe as they expected he would. After a moment's pause, he looked up, with the queerest expression on his face, and said:

"It was a foolish contract on both sides, Isabel. I have something to tell, too. I am engaged to marry Miss Stanton in the fall; but my little heiress shall be remembered. She deserves something for all she has sacrificed."

"So she does," exclaimed grandma; "and for wearing that boy's name, too."

And when Uncle Robert went back to the great city the first thing he did was to buy and ship to Robbie a lovely set of dolls, ranging in height from three feet to three inches, with a complete wardrobe for each and all. And I think it is no more than he ought to have done. Don't you?

MRS. S. M. HARTOUGH.

## Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

### LITTLE PRINCE KINDHEART.

#### A FAIRY STORY.

ONCE upon a time, many long years ago, before the railroads and steamboats frightened away all the mysterious little people who used to dance in the fairy-rings of the forest and sail in the shells and the cups of the great lilies of the waters, and birds and beasts had speech, there lived a great Prince, who had but one child; and as it was in the days when people were named from their qualities, this little Prince was named Kindheart, because from his earliest childhood he had manifested the greatest tenderness for all things to which the good Creator had given life. As he was always gentle and thoughtful of others and tried to make them happy, you may be sure that he was well loved, not only by his parents and the members of the royal household, but also by the humblest servants upon his father's great estates, and every one was always glad to serve him.

His father's palace stood upon the borders of a great forest, and not far away sparkled the waves of the vast, beautiful sea; and to roam in the shadowy depths of the grand old forest, or on the shores where the blue waves were always beating upon the white sands, was the greatest delight of little Kindheart's life.

One morning he strolled out into the gardens of the palace, filled with rare fruits and flowers, and, as he walked, he thought: "I will get a little basket and carry some of this nice fruit to poor old Gretchen. She is so old and feeble that she has not many pleasures left, and the sight of it, with some of these lovely flowers around it, will do her good."

So away went little Prince Kindheart, carrying his heavy basket himself; for he very much liked to perform his little acts of kindness with his own hands, and as he was always trustworthy, his parents allowed him to be happy in his own way.

As he was returning along the forest path, after talking awhile with old Gretchen, his attention was attracted by a great buzzing. Stopping, he looked about for the cause of it, but at first could not discover anything. Still he heard it—buzz! buzz! buzz-z-z-z! "Something is in trouble," he said. So he set down his basket and began to peer about in the bushes; and at last, away down in a bramble bush, caught in the strong web of a great, cruel spider, he saw a beautiful gold-and-brown bee. Vainly it sought to loosen the chains that held it, while the spider sat back in her little house and watched its struggles, every now and then running out swiftly to tighten a cord here or throw around a new loop there, until she was sure her victim was at her mercy. Seeing this, little Kindheart broke a long twig from a neighboring bush, and, reaching over the thorny wall, he carefully loosened the web that held the little prisoner and soon had the pleasure of seeing the bee soar away on its homeward journey.

Then the young Prince thought he would take his basket and go down to the shore and fill it with the pretty shells and pebbles that were always to be found there; but as he walked slowly on he heard the distressed note of a bird. So he again paused, to find whence the sound came, and he soon discovered a bird lying in a thicket. Lifting it carefully in his hand, he found that it had a broken wing. "Poor little birdie!" he said, "how can I help you? I must try something!" So, after a few moments' thought, he got some twigs and moss and made a large, soft hollow in the low branches of a tree, and in this he gently placed the wounded bird. Then he got a shell and filled it with fresh water and placed it in the nest-like hollow he had made, and then brought a handful of berries and a bunch of nice, ripe seeds and put them where the bird could reach them, and then, saying, "Good-bye, little bird, till to-morrow," he went on his way.

Then he played a good while on the shore and got lovely shells and bright sea-weeds, and was

about to start home, when, in a shallow pool behind a rock, where it had been flung and left by the receding waves, he saw a shining silver-fish, gasping and jumping in its efforts to return to its home in the sea. "O you lovely thing!" he cried; "how I would like to keep you to play with my dear little goldfish in their silver tank. But you are used to the cold, deep waters here and perhaps you would die; so go back to your home, little fish," and lifting it in his two hands and holding them down to the water, he saw it dart away like a silver arrow.

Then he took up his basket and turned to go home, for he saw that it was nearly noon; but there in his path stood a tall man, whose face he did not know.

"Who are you?" demanded the man, as if of some trespasser upon his own estate.

"I am called Kindheart," modestly answered the young Prince.

"And who is your father?" again asked the stranger.

"He is the Prince Faithful, on whose estate you stand," replied the Prince.

"Aha! I thought so!" cried the stranger, and stooping, he caught little Kindheart in his arms, strode along the beach to where a boat was moored, placed the young Prince in it, clapped his hands thrice, at which six oarsmen appeared and took their places, and in five minutes the boat was bounding away over the waves, bearing little Kindheart far, far away from parents, friends, and home.

At first he was stunned by the suddenness and boldness of this attack. Then he summoned his courage, and, with the haughty pride of an affronted noble, said:

"Tell me, sir, the meaning of this outrage upon the son of a peaceful Prince!"

"Certainly, your Majesty!" mockingly replied his captor. "It is very easily explained. Your father and I are old enemies. Years ago he caused me to be banished by our King and I swore revenge. I think I have got it to-day!"

At this poor little Kindheart felt as if his heart would burst in his bosom; for he felt that he would never more look upon the face of his father or hear the loving tones of his mother as she fondly caressed him; but he would have died before he would have let a tear fall under the cruel gaze of his enemy; so, after a moment's silence, he asked, in a stern voice:

"Do you desire a ransom for me?"

"Ransom! Ha! ha! What do I care for ransoms? No, you little fool! I want to keep you to make your lady-mother cry her heart out—to make your proud father wretched, and see his rank and glory die out. That's what Prince Terrible wants!"

When he heard this name Prince Kindheart knew that he need have no hope. Often he had heard of this dreadful Prince, who was so cruel and revengeful, and had done so many heartless things to those in his power that at last his King had banished him from his realm.

So in silence the boat went on and on, until at nightfall the keel grated upon the shore of a large island, on which stood a great, grim stone castle, like a prison. Into this they entered, and little Kindheart was thrust into a small, gloomy room and left alone.

Tired, faint, and hopeless, the poor child threw himself upon the hard, narrow bed which the room contained, and sobbed out some of the misery that had been so bravely concealed. For, after all, he was but ten years old, and his little heart ached sadly for his home and the parents who he knew were at that moment distracted at his absence.

After a while the door was opened and a plate and cup thrust within.

"Here, young one, is your supper!" called a gruff voice; the key turned in the lock, a lantern was swung up before the little opening in the panel, and then the steps went away down the corridor.

After a while the little Prince rose and went to the food. Some coarse bread and meat lay upon the plate; the tin-cup was filled with water. He emptied the cup greedily, but the food he could not taste. He turned away, and, wrapping himself in the blanket of his pallet, finally sobbed himself to sleep.

The next day they brought him more food and water, and he ate and drank a little and then lay and watched the streaks of sunshine come and go through the narrow window and at last fade away; and the long night crept away, and another day went by, and then two men came together to bring the lantern and the supper, and went away and the key was not turned in the lock. Then the little Prince felt his heart burn with hope! Oh! if he could get out of the gloom and the horror of that prison, out under the shining stars, even if he wandered away only to die—even that, he thought, would be better than such a life of lonely torment. Patiently he waited, fearing lest they might return to lock the forgotten door. But no one came.

Then Kindheart rose and took off his shoes, which he carried in his hand; softly he turned the lock and saw the door swing open. Then he went out into the great corridor. How his heart beat with fear lest he should meet some one! But no one was to be seen, and after going on and on through many long passages he saw the starlight of the open sky, and then he was out on the grass, with the soft wind lifting his hair and the sweet smell of the sea seeming to him like a message from home.

He looked about him as he stood for a moment in the shadow. Where should he go? What could he do? He thought first he would seek a boat; but what could his tiny arms do out on the great waves? No, he thought he would hide in the dense forest beyond the castle, and perhaps from the other side of the island he might signal some friendly boat that would restore him to his friends. He had saved the bread and meat that he had not eaten during his captivity, with a dim hope that he might make it aid him in an escape. This he had with him. So, with a brave heart, he tied on his shoes, that his feet might not get bruised and torn, and boldly entered the dark forest. On and on he walked, glancing now and then at the stars to try to keep a straight path by their aid, until at last the faint dawn crept into the sky, and then the sun rose, and Kindheart, exhausted and lame with his hard walk through the tangled underbrush, looked around for a hiding-place, for he knew that soon he would be missed and searched for.

After quite a while he found an old tree, that was hollow near the roots, with bushes tangled thickly around the opening, and into this he crept and curled himself down on the thick leaves, where he soon fell asleep. He was awakened by the sound of horns and distant voices. Well he knew what they meant, and trembling he lay and waited. But they came no nearer, and finally died away.

Toward night he ate some of his food, and again began his journey through the woods. He thought daylight would bring him to the coast. But when daylight came he was in the forest jungles, tired, stiff, and disheartened. He searched for water, for his throat was parched with thirst. He found a little in a leafy hollow, drank, and lay down to sleep in the shelter of a thicket.

Buzz! buzz! buzz-a-a! He sat up and rubbed his eyes. A gold and brown bee swayed and buzzed on a twig close by his face. And then the buzz grew into words—"Come, little Kindheart, once you helped me; now I will help you. Come and follow me!"

So Kindheart arose and followed the low flight of the bee, on and on, hour after hour, and still the forest was all that he could see; his shoes were torn, his limbs ached, he felt that he could go no farther. "Keep up courage, little Kindheart!" buzzed the bee. But it was of no use. Dropping down under the trees, the child closed his eyes with pain.

Then there was a soft swoop of wings. Twitter! twitter! close at his ear. He opened his eyes wearily. There swayed a bird on a branch at his side.

"Rise, little Kindheart! Once you were kind to me; now I will help you. My broken wing is strong and well. Get up and lie down on my back, and I will soon take you out of this forest."

And as Kindheart rose to his feet the bird grew larger and larger and spread out its broad wings,

and as Kindheart sunk down into the feathered hollow and rested his tired head against the soft neck, it gently rose, and with soft, billowy motions bore him far away above the treetops, while he lay and slept as if in his mother's arms. When he awoke the bird had stayed its flight, and in the bright sunshine the sea lay beating before him. Refreshed and delighted, he stood on the white sands.

"Good-bye," said the bird; "I am a messenger of fairyland, and cannot be spared to go farther. But you will be cared for. Eat your food, and do not fear harm."

Then it flew far up into the blue sky, and little Kindheart sat down and ate the food he had left, and thought wonderingly of his strange friends, and then sadly of his home far over the sea, and again his heart began to grow heavy, when flashing through the water shone the fins of a silver-fish.

Swimming close to the shore it said: "Come, little Kindheart. Once you helped me when I was in great trouble; now I can help you! Sit on my back, and never fear. And the fish grew large and pushed its shining back up out of the water, and when little Kindheart had taken his seat it slid away into the waves and bore him along as smoothly and easily as if he were in a boat. And after a swift ride over the waters he saw the distant shore, and then he knew the things he saw—his own dear home, his woods, his shore!

And soon his feet were on the beloved paths, the doors of his own home opened before him, the arms of his mother held him close to her heart; his father knelt at his side, and thanked God for the restoration of his dear son, and the great bells rang and the people feasted and rejoiced, and in all the kingdom were no other people so happy as these three, whom the good fairies who love little children had restored to each other.

FAUSTINE.

## The Home Circle.

### WHITE MORNING-GLORIES.

"MISS SPOTT says why as how—" The messenger hesitated and stood dipping his dirty toes in the slimy track of greasy dish-water trickling slowly down the alley-gutter. "She says how as why will you give her some—" At this critical juncture a rush of wasser de hydrant backed up the dishwater and both together made the black toes fairly wriggle with delight.

Meanwhile I waited patiently the subsidence of the alley freshet and the conclusion of this singularly delivered message.

The remainder of the sentence came at last.

"Will you give her mornin'-glories—white 'uns?"

"Who is Miss Spott, and how does she come to know I have white morning-glories?"

"Seen 'em when you asked her 'bout the baby."

How was I to know Miss Spott by these tokens, I talk with so many women about infants? Foreseeing that nothing short of taking the little fellow directly in hand and smoothing him the right way

would elicit the sparks of information I desired, I said:

"See here, Jimuel; do you like cakes?"

"My name haint Jim'l, it's Patrick McFarren. I think cake's awful nice."

"Tell me, then, who sent you, where you live, and what you came for, and you shall have as many cakes as your two hands will hold."

"Miss Spott sent me. I live in Pleasant Retreat, runnin' off Jervis Street. You give the baby milk and she seen white glories hangin' on your fence. He's dead and she wants 'em for him."

Although my attempted illumination was something of a failure, I recollected the incident referred to and recognized the mother and child.

Patrick went away with his hands full of cakes, and in the course of an hour I went around to see Mrs., and not Miss Spott.

It was one of the humblest abodes that was ever called home; but over its broken threshold a silent guest had stepped, and, as best they could, they had made the chamber ready.



After relating the particulars of little Orson's sickness and death, the stricken mother preferred her request for white morning-glory buds.

I had other white flowers and scented geranium leaves from which she might choose, I said. But no, she wanted only morning-glories.

"I'll tell you how she come to take the notion," remarked the young father, leaving his seat on the back-door step and entering the room with their remaining child in his arms. "The day Orsie was took and you had Jule in your house, as she was leavin' through the side-yard she seen the flowers, and, gittin' home, lo and behold the little chap had a bud folded up in his pretty fist. When Jule took it out and showed us, Granny McFarren there, says:

"'It looks like as 'twas the darlin's self.'

"Then says Jule:

"'If he dies, 'sides his Sunday dress and shoes, I want nothin' but these on him.'"

"Soon's she showed me the flower, all rumped up in his little hand, I knowed he'd be like 'em," crooned Granny McFarren, swaying to and fro in the broken rocking-chair. "Yes, I knowed he'd be like 'em—a joy for a mornin', then a droppin' off."

"Nay," replied I, "not a dropping off, but a reaching upward—a blooming amid flowers that never fade or fall; a becoming one of the glories of the heavenly morning."

As I talked I thought how the Beloved comes again and again to these earthly gardens—gathering here lilies, there the full corn in the ear.

My little story, entitled "A Dinner of Herbs," was, as I have intimated, no fancy sketch. Lou and I knew Effie Wilder, and loved her with a love so peculiar we marveled over it, until—after a lingering illness, during which few were allowed to visit her—she passed through the gates of pearl to be "Forever with the Lord."

"Nobody understood Effie," remarked her pastor. "Her own mother did not understand her."

No, mused I; yet how dull we are not to perceive. Memory vividly recalled the tenor of her remarks at almost the last experience-meeting we attended together, and I thought how slow of heart we were. She stood, with that dear, blessed countenance transfigured before our eyes, crying out that the burden of souls was upon her and that she must work while it was called day, because her time on earth was short.

There we sat, wise in our conceits, ascribing these impassioned utterances to hitherto latent fires of romance, to an overflow of youthful enthusiasm, to anything save such a vision as Stephen had when Heaven opened and he saw the glory of God and "Jesus standing on the right hand of God."

Smitten by a sense of her blindness toward a glorified soul like this, Mrs. Emily Judson (Fanny Forrester) thus sweetly sings of her departed husband:

"So hand in hand we trod the wild,

My angel love and I;

His lifted wing all quivering

With tokens from the sky.

Strange my dull thought could not divine

'Twas lifted but to fly."

On that occasion Effie Wilder thrilled our hearts with a strange, mysterious ecstasy; yet not one of us dreamed that at that very moment her soul's

bright wings were plumed for their final, radiant flight.

That her prolonged illness plunged her widowed mother and herself in lower depths of poverty than those in which Lou found them was painfully evident on the day of her funeral. But now—now—who can number her possessions? Lou and I love to think of our meeting in the "Golden Hereafter." We fancy her beautiful face, and how she will greet us with—not, "We're poor, sister," as she did Lou on earth's lowlands, but—"We're rich, sister." Yes, rich to all eternity. Blessed forever be her memory.

I picked the buds for the baby's mother—the "teensiest, tinesiest ones," as she requested.

"I want to make sure they won't open; we bury him at noon to-morrow," she said.

On going to the house next day about half an hour before the funeral, I was accosted with:

"See here."

Mrs. Spott led me to the small coffin's side, and behold, with scarce an exception, every silken bud lay unfolded. Over the tiny pillow, adown the dainty dress, in the little, waxy fingers, there they clung and swung like snowy joy-bells waiting only the unclosing of the Golden Gates to ring the baby in.

"What does it mean?" whispered the pale young mother, with reverent awe.

"It means Morning Glory opening never to close on an infant soul," replied I. "It means that the same God whose finger-touch brought these blossoms out of their seed-casket and from their earth-grave has said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.' 'I am the resurrection and the life.'"

This happened months ago. There's another baby now in little Orson's place and my white morning-glories will soon be dreaming under winter snows.

MADGE CARROL.

## HOME ECONOMIES.

YEARS ago, when walking-jackets first came in vogue, I was possessed with a desire to have one, but my purse would not admit of the outlay. ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE came to my aid, and suggested a way of obtaining it which I was not loth to follow. I took an old coat of my father's, faded, but of good, fine material, ripped it up, washed it in strong soap-suds, colored it with bark from a young walnut tree, and set the color with lye from wood ashes; and thus procured the prettiest butternut color I ever saw. The pattern was the next trouble. This I procured by pinning a newspaper over a jacket and cutting the pattern by it. (Another item from ARTHUR'S.) Then by following the picture in the HOME MAGAZINE I made a nice, snug jacket, finished off with a double row of black buttons, and bound with coat binding.

In after years I profited by my experience, and when my little step-daughter needed a school-cloak I took a coat of her father's, and by turning it wrong-side out, cutting it by a cloak pattern, and finishing it with a standing collar and nice buttons, the edges of the cloak machine stitched, she had a cloak warm and comfortable and as nice as if I had spent several dollars for it; and the old coat that had hung in my way all summer was disposed of in a much better way than by throwing it away on some tramp.

But one thing brings on another, and this success suggested trying my hand at a nicer job. The child had been admiring the Sunday cloaks of some of her little friends, and although in need of one herself, I did not think I could afford to spend eight or ten dollars for a garment that she would outgrow before another winter. So I bethought myself of a happy makeshift. I had one of those black and white cotton chenille shawls, which had been worn several years before, and it was just the figure of some of the new cloaks. I took her brother's overcoat pattern, and by measuring found I could get a full cloak inside the border, which I did not want on it; so by lining it with some scraps of colored Canton flannel, machine stitching the edges, and trimming the pockets, collar, and cuffs with some black and white Breton braid that had done good service on a skirt years before, and finishing in all available places with some large pearl buttons that had been used on half a dozen garments, she had as stylish a cloak as any of her neighbors, without the cost of a cent; and not a single person ever knew where it came from unless told. The border I put around the bottom of a skirt of my own, which I had almost despaired of repairing any more. By lining it with an old calico dress skirt, and stitching it on well, I made a nice, serviceable skirt that lasted me a whole winter, thereby saving enough to subscribe for ARTHUR'S another year.

ARTHUR'S has been in our family ever since I was a little child, and many has been the Sloughs of Despond in hard times it has enabled us to wade through. It has nimbled our fingers and quickened our faculties, until no problem of ways and means can drive us to the wall. If we come to a strait place, and no remedy suggests itself, we turn to our MAGAZINE, and almost always find a way through it.

Our rule is to save all little odds and ends of trimmings and such like, and many has been the nice little finish we have been able to give our clothes, and many the little Christmas and birthday presents we have contrived from our "scrap-bag." There is no need to buy a new hat every season when the old one can be made to do as well. Never buy cheap material, and you will be paid in the long run. A good Leghorn hat can be whitened and bent into most any shape. Wash in strong soap-suds, and cover with a paste of corn-meal and water; set an old pan full of coals in a barrel and sprinkle a handful of sulphur over; then hang the hat to a stick laid across the top of the barrel and cover it with a piece of old carpet. Let it remain from half an hour to one hour. Be careful not to inhale the sulphur fume, as it makes one susceptible to colds. When as white as you want it, brush off the meal from the hat, damp, and press with a warm iron. Be sure to lay a damp cloth over the hat to keep the iron from soiling it. Brush over with white glue and varnish with white varnish.

I have worn the same hat four years—a black English straw—and have always been in the fashion, adding on and taking off as fashion dictated, and by occasionally giving it a coat of asphaltum varnish my hat has always looked new. Hoping this may find a vacant niche and lighten some weary one's burden of care, I will wait until next time to say more.

GUY.

## LICHENS FROM WAYSIDE ROCKS.

No. 13.

THE last rock on which we shall sit together this year has been reached. Let us rest here awhile, dear friends, and look back over the cycle just passed before we go onward to meet the new.

With what widely different thoughts and feelings different ones will view the path they have just traversed, which has been to some a smooth and pleasant one, through green lanes or rich fields, and to others, perhaps, as a sandy, arid desert, with only a little oasis here and there to enable them to bear the weariness of the journey. There are those who started out at its beginning with bright hopes and plans, to whom the coming months were joyful ones in anticipation. There were the brave, courageous ones, who went forth resolutely to struggle against wrong or to meet trouble and sorrow with steadfast hearts, and the strong, earnest, hopeful ones, ready to do the world's work and their own and win plentiful reward. And there were the patient, quiet ones, who had no hopes or plans, but moved on steadily, as they did last year, meeting their daily duties, cares, and trials with submissive acceptance.

What has the year brought to all? Each heart only can answer this fully for itself, for, regarding many of us, not even those nearest by can know just what the years and months give or take. Yet we can mark with pleasure the bright hopes of some ending in blessed fruition and bringing them their happiest days; while those of others, cherished just as fondly, have faded away or been crushed suddenly by some rude blow, leaving them stricken and despairing. Some have triumphed in their undertakings or prospered in their work, gaining encouragement and reward. Others have met with disappointment or misfortune on every hand, and are discouraged and ready to give up.

There have been new, happy homes made, and families knit together with new ties which have brought blessings, and there have been separations—those of death or distance—which have left desolate places, and the still more bitter ones made by divided hearts. Yes—

"The world goes up, and the world goes down,  
And the sunshine follows the rain"—

and the rain blots out the sunshine again. The wheel turns constantly, and some suffer while some enjoy, and after a time it will be reversed—save in those few cases where some have sorrow and trouble *always*. Their lot seems strange and unaccountable, but it may be that this is the discipline which alone will bring out the best qualities of their hearts.

A friend once wrote to me that she almost wondered sometimes if it was not wrong or selfish for her to be so happy, while others whom she loved had so much sorrow and trouble. From the depths of my heart I would say—no! Rejoice and be thankful to the utmost, all you who have the great boon of happiness, for with rarely an exception sorrow comes to all at some period of life, and we need to keep our hearts strong and bright to meet it bravely when it must appear. It is natural that it should come; our characters would be incomplete, one-sided, without it. The

finest natures are generally those who have suffered much, and, through such discipline, learned life's most important lessons. Yet it does one good to see occasionally a bright, happy life, which trouble seems to pass over, and which flows smoothly on, like some broad river with the sunlight gleaming on its surface. Such an one can bring light and gladness into many other lives if they only think to do it.

Speaking of being disappointed and defeated in our undertakings and work—is it not very often because we have not been careful to carry it on in the right way that we meet with failure?—that we have been negligent about its performance or have not been guided by principle, have wasted time and opportunities in easy self-indulgence, while duty was calling us, or have worked because forced into it, and not with a spirit of doing because it is right, but sullenly, unwillingly, without asking any Divine help? Perhaps we have been grasping and overreaching, or unkind and unjust toward others, and so have gained no blessings on our work and cannot enjoy it after it is done. Is it not important to study earnestly to understand the right way and pursue it? True, we do not always know how to find it, and failure sometimes comes from this. Often we have to go along in the dark, as it were, in doubt as to the result of what we are doing—just with God leading us. If we are sure of this last, and can trust doing our best and waiting patiently for Him to turn the light on, all will be right for us in the end.

Few of us, I suppose, are entirely satisfied with our work in looking back over it at the end of the year; for there are few, except conceited, self-complacent persons, who find such excellence in what they have done that there are no regrets, disappointments, or places for repentance. Sometimes it has gone wrong in spite of us, when we were sure at the time that we were doing right, and have found afterward a spoiled place in our fabric—a blot on the page which we were trying to keep so fair.

In a book we were reading the other day was the story of a poor man whose business was the simple one of posting handbills in the streets of a city. He could not read, and knew not when he had the bills right side up, so his wife helped him by going over them all and tearing a corner out of the top of each. One night, working by too dim a light, she tore the wrong corner. Next morning the man posted up his bills, but after surveying one it did not look just right. Yet there was the corner torn out for a guide, so he went on, though not feeling quite satisfied. At length, asking some one about it, he found they were all upside down. "So," said he, in relating it to a friend, "I think we sometimes make mistakes when acting with the best motives, and get our work upside down. But then it is comforting to feel that God knows what we meant to do, and maybe He can set it right after awhile."

This little illustrative incident came to me just then with all the force of the most impressive sermon. It applied so exactly to myself, in a recent case where I had undertaken something which I was deeply interested in, hoping that I was working for good. But it had turned out an utter failure as near as I could judge afterward, only bringing trouble. I was grieved, disappointed, almost remorseful over it. My light had

been too dim, and I had surely got my work upside down, and those for whom it was done could see no good in it. There was no remedy; it could not be taken back or blotted out. I could only take comfort, after reading this story, by thinking that I had tried to do my duty in the best way I knew, and the Great Master, who inspects all our work, knew the intention and perhaps He could right it some day. He is more lenient and forgiving toward our failings than our fellow-men usually are, or sad would be our fate.

And so we may hope He will take our year's work, and, overlooking the mistakes—the dropped stitches, snarled places, blots, and blemishes—because He knows both our weakness and our good intentions, will accept what we have done and keep us in His service with the hope of our doing better.

LACHEN.

### LAUREL LEAVES.

SO far back as I can turn among the leaves of memory, I find written there deep and ardent admiration of the laurel. Its flowers—white and rose-tinted—seemed to my childish fancy as beautiful, enchanted castles, in which were the fairies (of stamens) bound by their tiny heads as well as by their invisible feet, until the magic touch—the awakening kiss of air or light or zephyr—loosed their bowed helmets and they sprang up joyously, free. But beautiful and wonderful as were the blossoms, the stately, glossy leaves of deep and shining green had scarcely less attraction for me. They seemed to combine dignity and a rich splendor with strength and beauty.

Being a child of quick and active sympathies, the sight of any person or thing—all things were alive to me—in need of help, or comfort; suffering or solitary or shut away from, as it seemed to me, whatever might give pleasure or comfort, appealed to me strongly, and, so far as in me lay, I was ready to try and help them. My willing desire was manifested in many ways—some practical, some touching, some comical, and some tragical; but all were born in sincerity and carried forward in love.

One incident is very vivid in my memory. I was about six or seven years old. Playing about, I came upon a sty in whose few yards of space a solitary pig was domiciled. I had thought of him many times before, but it was not until this especial time that I decided upon doing something that would, I was sure, give him pleasure. When he looked up at me with his dull, brown eyes and grunted, that grunt went to my heart like an appeal for sympathy and help. It was as though he had said, "I'm lonely and a prisoner. I can't get out—I can't get out."

It flashed into my mind that perhaps he longed for a sight of the beautiful things that grew all about so luxuriantly, but of which he could catch no glimpse. I ran to my favorite, the laurel; I would take him some of the most beautiful leaves that grew. I gathered my arms full, sped back, and flung them over into the sty. How pleased he seemed! how eagerly he went to it! My childish heart throbbed in ecstasy that he was happy and that it had been my lot to contribute that happiness. But my happiness, like his, was short lived.

Soon the word was, "The pig is sick." I at once told what I had done. I do not think I received any reproof; I do not remember any; but how distinctly I remember the anxiety with which I watched the wretched animal during the hours in which it was doubtful whether life or death would gain the victory.

I had learned a truth—all animals do not feed on the same food. This creature's method of admiration and manner of assimilation were entirely different from mine. He could admire or enjoy only through the gustatory process, while I, while able to enjoy that process keenly, was conscious of budding capacities that required other aliment.

I had, as I have said, recognized a fact; but the ever-changing applications of that fact I have never mastered—I fear, no, I hope, I never shall. Still I bear armfuls of beautiful boughs to share their beauty, their fragrance, or their fruits with others; and still I see them accepted and misapplied, or refused and scorned. And not now always, as then, is the voice of reproof silent. I hear uncomprehending, blameful, perhaps bitter, words. Once in a while there is borne a sweet—to me inestimably precious—voice of approval to my ears; a voice of appreciation, of comprehension, and I am comforted for all the rest. Yea, even though the long-listened-for, long-yearned-for voice is silent, if the still, small voice in my own heart and conscience whispers, "This is the way, walk ye in it," with tears and pain, with grief and prayers I stand beside my scorned offerings and say, "I thought it would be fair to you; for it is the beautiful truth to me. I can strive to learn better if I am wrong; but until I do so learn I must stand and fall by what is to me a part of the bread of life!"

Why do I write this? Because we are all akin; because what I know of my own heart's reading is true of other hearts; because while we are, and must be, true to our own realizations of truth and beauty, we must also be graciously cognizant of and patient with such things as represent the ideals of others; and perhaps, most of all, because my disappointments are the disappointments of others; my sorrows are the sorrows of others; the tears I weep, the sighs I breathe, the pain I bear, is but the counterparts of the experience of my fellows, and, through the silence of the press and the veil of incognito, I reach out for the quivering, weary, often despairing, hands which are carried under the cloak of reserve, to give the hand-clasp of fellowship from one who knows and strives and suffers and loves.

ONE OF THE "SHUT-INS."

## THE FRAGMENTS.

**T**AKING into view the circumstances under which it was spoken, how singular the command, "Gather up all the fragments, that nothing be lost." But no doubt the lesson was meant for us in these remote times and nations, as well as for believers in those early days. There is a beautiful economy in all God's works. There is no real waste anywhere.

"The dust we tread  
Shall change beneath the summer showers  
To golden grain or mellow fruit,  
Or rainbow-tinted flowers—  
The giant rocks disorganize  
And feed the hungry moss they bear,  
The forest leaves drink daily life  
From out the viewless air."

If the Creator thus saves every atom of material in carrying out His works, surely it becomes us to be thoughtful of the use we make of that which is intrusted to us. A good steward is ready to give an itemized account of all that is intrusted to him, and no less will be expected of us. The unused garments in our presses and garret boxes will all come into review. I know some very saving housewives who have great stores of this kind saved as relics or from the possible chance of their being some time of service. That, too, in a world so full of shivering, half-clad forms. Old carpets are rolled away to tempt the moths and mice which might cover some poor widow's floor and help keep her poor feet from suffering with cold. I wonder if the Lord would think it the best use to which an outgrown garment could be put to cut it in strips for carpet rags. If we could but realize more fully that these are not our things we thus use, only ours in trust, we should be more careful of fragments.

Whatever can be made of use to humanity is worth saving and using. How many houses are cumbered with good papers and journals that, once read, are thrown aside, which would bring great pleasure and profit to some destitute home. These are fragments that should be gathered up and put to good use. Invalids, in particular, are very grateful for such favors, and they often serve to beguile many weary hours. The army of want is ever full—no fear of our not being able to find suitable avenues for all our charities if we have but the disposition to look about for them.

The time is short, and we can make but one journey through this world. Every new day a record is sealed up to await the grand review.

J. C.

## Housekeepers' Department.

### HOW TO COOK A PUMPKIN.

**U**NDER this head, an English housekeeper gives, in Cassell's *Family Magazine*, her ways of cooking the pumpkin. Some of her recipes are similar to those used by our own housekeeper and some will be found new, as her "Buckland stew," "Trifle" etc. She says:

Perhaps few of my readers know how the

pumpkin—that favorite article of food among the Americans—ought to be cooked; as it is very delicious as well as inexpensive, I will describe one or two good ways of using it. One very nice way is to make it into a pudding. Take one pound of pumpkin and boil it in water, with a very little salt, for an hour; then take it off the fire and mash it, as you would turnips, till it is smooth enough to rub through a colander; put the pulp



into a pie-dish, add to it one egg, beaten very lightly, a tablespoonful of sugar, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and a little grated lemon-peel, and pour in sufficient milk to fill the pie-dish. Bake in a moderate oven till it is a light golden color. A little paste round the edge of the dish is a great improvement.

**PUMPKIN PIE.**—Pare your pumpkin, cut it up into small pieces, and cook it gently over the fire, with a very little water, for about half an hour; then fill your pie-dish with it, sprinkle a little ground ginger and sugar over, and pour in some water. Have ready some nice puff-paste, cover the fruit with it, and bake.

**PUMPKIN TART.**—Boil the pumpkin in the same way as for the pudding and rub it through a colander; beat two ounces of butter, with a little sugar, to a cream; stir in the yolks of two eggs, beaten lightly, the juice of one lemon and half the grated rind, and, last of all, the whites of the eggs beaten. Line a dish with pastry, pour in the mixture, and bake a nice brown.

If you wish to cook it as a vegetable, you must cut it in slices about six inches long, peel them, and boil them in a saucepan of water with a little salt and two ounces of fresh butter. When done sufficiently, drain them on a sieve, and serve them on a hot dish with some melted butter poured over them; or, after they are boiled, fry them in a little lard or dripping. Pepper and salt should be eaten with them. They are also very delicious mashed; they should be boiled, then drained, and mashed smoothly with a wooden spoon; heat them in a saucepan, add a seasoning of salt and pepper and a small piece of butter, and serve them with small pieces of toasted bread placed round them.

In making preserve, take three pounds of pumpkin, peel it, and slice it into pieces about an inch thick and two or three inches long; add the juice of two lemons and the rind, very finely grated, three pounds of loaf-sugar, and one ounce of ground ginger. Put all these ingredients into a preserving-pan and boil all together till clear—about one hour. Put it in jars and tie it well down.

**SOUP MADE WITH PUMPKINS.**—Boil the pumpkin and rub twelve or thirteen ounces through a sieve; add gravy, soup, or good stock to it—it will take about one quart for the above quantity of pumpkin; mix gradually and season with salt and a little cayenne; let it boil up, add a very little corn-flour to it, and serve it very hot with fried bread cut into small pieces.

The stock for the above recipe need not necessarily be made with meat. The liquor in which a piece of meat has been boiled makes very good stock; bones of any kind can also be used. All sorts of bones may be mixed together—beef, mutton, veal, and game. Game bones give a very delicious flavor to soup. When large joints of meat are to be used for dinner, they will require a little trimming; take all those pieces of fat and gristle which have to be cut off, add a slice or two of bacon and some herbs and vegetables, with any bones you have left from other joints, and keep them over the fire a short time, taking care to shake the saucepan occasionally, that they may not set to the bottom. You must keep the pan closely covered. After it has been on the fire about ten minutes, pour in some boiling water, so as quite to cover the meat, etc., and let it stew gently till it is rich. Take off the fat when it is

cold. This sort of stock will make very good pumpkin soup.

Before concluding, I must give you two more recipes to which pumpkins are a very great improvement. One is a "Buckland stew" and the other a "Trifle." This is how the "Buckland stew" is made: Have ready a very clean pan and some nice gravy; now take about a pound of meat—beef or mutton is the best for this purpose—cut it either in thin slices or square dice; peel a pound of potatoes, and cut them in small pieces, with two carrots, two turnips, and two onions, all cut up small, and half a pound of pumpkin which has been boiled for about half an hour previously. Put the meat and vegetables in the pan, season them well with pepper and salt, adding a little Worcestershire sauce, and pour in your gravy, which must have a little flour added to it to thicken it. Put the pan on one side of the fire; then make some good suet crust, allowing four ounces of suet to one pound of flour, put in a little baking-powder, and mix it tolerably stiff; roll it out an inch thick, and cut out a piece the size of the top of your pan, so as to exactly fit it; lay it over the meat and vegetables, cover the pan, and boil all together for three-quarters of an hour or an hour. This is a very economical dish, as so little meat is required.

The "Trifle" is made in this way: Scald six large apples, peel and pulp them; boil one pound of pumpkin for an hour; rub it through a colander, and mix it thoroughly with the pulped apple; sweeten it well, and grate the rind of a lemon over; then place this pulp in a deep glass dish, about half filling it; scald half a pint of milk, half a pint of cream, and the yolks of two eggs over the fire, stirring it all the time till it boils; add a little sugar; let it stand till cold; then pour it over the apples and pumpkin, and, last of all, make a little whip, either with cream or white of egg, and lay it over the whole.

## RECIPES.

**SAVORY FRITTERS.**—These may be made from any cold meat or rabbit or chicken, white meat being best adapted for the purpose. Cut the meat into neat, small pieces, dip each into batter, and fry them a light-brown color in plenty of boiling fat; drain them well, pile them high on a dish, and pour round, but not over them, a good brown sauce well flavored with fresh tomatoes or tomato-sauce.

**TO PRESERVE PEARS.**—For preserving, small pears are better than large ones. Pare them, and make a sirup, with their weight of sugar and a little water. Leave the stem on, and stick a clove in the blossom end of each. Stew till perfectly transparent.

**PEAR MARMALADE.**—Boil the pears till soft. When cold, rub the pulp through a sieve, and boil it to a jelly, allowing one pound of sugar to two of pears.

**TO MEND CRACKED STOVES.**—Cracks in stoves and stove-pipes are readily closed by a paste made of ashes and salt, with water. Iron turnings or filings, sal ammoniac, and water make a harder and more durable cement.

## Evenings with the Poets.

### THE SONG OF DECEMBER.

**I** COME! I come! and ye shall feel my piercing  
breath and keen—  
Its stern salute shall bring a glow to every cheek,  
I ween,  
And every nerve shall tingle with a swift, electric  
thrill,  
As shivering ye listen to my Borean whistle shrill!

The old, dead leaves are fallen now, and cheerless  
stand the trees,  
And mid their giant, withered arms ye hear the wail-  
ing breeze;  
The flowers all have passed away—the woods are lone  
and still—  
The last sad songster of the grove has sung his last  
sad trill!

I paint the distant mountains with a dull and sombre  
hue,  
And spread my banner in the sky, of deepest, coldest  
blue;  
I paralyze the gentle day, and make her footsteps  
late,  
As she falters for admission at Aurora's golden gate;  
So languid is her feeble tread, so pale her hollow  
eye,  
That soon the star-eyed Twilight weeps to see her  
faint and die!

I pile the heavy, leaden clouds, in masses dusk and  
tall  
Against the far horizon, like a murky castle wall—  
I sow the seed of storms abroad in all the gloomy  
air,  
And from the Northern Main I send the howling  
winds to bear  
A crystal freight of sleet and snows, to scatter far and  
wide,  
And clothe the dreary earth in peerless jewels as a  
bride!

The mountain pines shall glisten with their bristling,  
icy spears—  
The lowly moss-eye watch the stars, bedewed with  
frozen tears.

I touch the gems of Even, and behold! with splendor  
new  
They proudly flash and sparkle in the deep and dis-  
tant blue—  
And from the boundless treasures of the casket of the  
Night  
A myriad host, unseen before, is opened to the sight!

A robe of silver and of pearl I give the Midnight  
Queen—  
How peerless is her majesty—in brilliance how serene!  
Each crystal flake and icy gem reflects a tiny ray,  
And the glories of the Night exceed the splendor of  
the Day!

And Christmas old, with beard of white and garland  
evergreen,  
With ruddy face, and eye that beams so frostily and  
keen,  
I bring apace—with all his train, the kindest of the  
Year—  
Free-hearted Mirth and Frolic wild, and generous  
Good Cheer!

The mellow chimes of many bells shall ring his advent  
in,  
And many a joyous ingle-side shall welcome friends  
and kin,  
And smiles and gifts and greetings glad shall mingle  
as they meet—  
And with a fervent, Christmas glow, each heart shall  
warmly beat.

But yet a mournful task is mine ere I shall pass  
away—  
For lo! the footsteps of the Year wax feeble day by  
day,  
And soon shall cease, for aye, their echo tremulous  
and low,  
And then alone amid the gloom of midnight I must go,  
And lay that lifeless form at rest within the shadowy  
cave  
That opens for his gathering to his hoary Father's  
Grave!

And o'er his tomb shall I resign my keen and icy  
breath,  
And in the darkness sleep the sleep of silence and of  
Death;  
And through that lone and sorrowing Night our re-  
quiem shall be  
The wailing of the mournful pines, the sighing of the  
sea—  
And when that solemn midnight dirge shall die upon  
the ear,  
Then, phoenix-like, shall spring to life the young and  
joyous Year!  
C. W. B.

### THE IVY.

**P**USHING the clods of earth aside,  
Leaving the dark where foul things hide,  
Spreading its leaves to the summer sun,  
Bondage ended, freedom won;  
So, my soul, like the ivy be,  
Rise, for the sunshine calls for thee!

Climbing up as the seasons go,  
Looking down upon things below,  
Twining itself in the branches high,  
As if the frail thing owned the sky;  
So, my soul, like the ivy be,  
Heaven, not earth, is the place for thee!

Wrapping itself round a giant oak,  
Hiding itself from the tempest's stroke;  
Strong and brave is the fragile thing—  
For it knows one secret, how to cling;  
So, my soul, there's strength for thee,  
Hear the Mighty One, "Lean on me!"

Green are its leaves, when the world is white,  
For the ivy sings through the frosty night;  
Keeping the hearts of oak awake  
Till the flowers shall bloom and the spring shall  
break;  
So, my soul, through the winter's rain,  
Sing the sunshine back again.

Opening its green and fluttering breast,  
Giving the timid birds a nest;  
Coming out from the winter wild,  
To make a wreath for the Holy Child;  
So let my life like the ivy be,  
A help to man and a wreath for Thee!  
HENRY BURTON in *Good Words*.

## Health Department.

### OVER-EATING.

THERE is no doubt whatever that over-eating is the cause of much of the ill-health from which people suffer. Professor H. C. Wood, of the University of Pennsylvania, in his *Brain-work and Over-work*, one of the "American Health Primers," calls attention to this source of disease. He says:

Whatever the individual opinion may be on the temperance question, it is certain that nowadays there is to every one an abundance of warning as to the effects of alcoholic excess. The value of temperance in the other pleasure of the table is, however, not so often lauded or appreciated. Not long since, in a company of so-called temperance people, I joined a group of men who were discussing, with much warmth of feeling, the amount of money wasted in the United States on alcoholic drinks. Jolly, well-fed reformers were they, with rotund and placid outlines which bespoke habitual good cheer and good digestion. Each, during the day, had had his usual overplus of food, yet each soon swept from the table a most bounteous quantity of the expensive luxuries furnished by the generous host—one, two, three, perhaps four, hundred dollars' worth of provisions gone to weigh down stomachs already overcrowded, to enrich blood already too richly fed, to still further choke emunctories already clogged up with the surplus of food daily furnished beyond the wants of the system. Injury to the system from alcohol is great; injury from gluttony only less. The yearly waste of money in alcohol in this country is frightful; that of superfluous food only less. Almost every one eats more food than is required; indeed, the system is so constructed as to provide for a habitual oversupply of food. The meat that is not needed is soon broken up in the blood into substances which are incapable of forming tissue. These substances are really poisonous, and, if allowed to remain, produce grave injury; but in the skin, in the intestines, in the kidneys, they meet with thousands of glands whose duty it is to remove them from the blood. These glands are the so-called *emunctories*.

The power of these excreting glands is limited; they are only capable of so much labor. When a great excess of food is habitually taken, they are habitually overworked. The blood, under these circumstances, becomes loaded with improper materials; and it may be that the gouty habit is created, which

in turn is prone, sooner or later, to produce degeneration of the walls of the blood-vessels, resulting in apoplexies.

The man who gets an occasional jolly hour from a moderate potation is, perhaps, morally no more of a sinner than he who gets an occasional heavy night from over-indulgence at the table, and appears, also, to suffer no more of permanent physical ill. Almost every well-to-do person eats more than is necessary for the requirements of the system. As above stated, Nature has, however, provided for the removal of this excess; but overwork brings enfeeblement, and an excess of noxious matters in the blood is a constant irritation to the emunctories; enfeebled and irritated, no wonder these long-tried but faithful servants often finally become fatally diseased. The food principles, which are composed largely of nitrogen, are chiefly taken out of the body by the kidneys. Hence it is an overplus of food containing much of the nitrogenous principles, *i. e.*, meats, which is especially liable to overwork and irritate the kidneys. I believe, myself, that many seemingly inscrutable cases of chronic disease of the kidneys depend upon excessive flesh-eating.

Very few, if any, of those who read this book will ever suffer from an insufficient supply of food, but among the so-called working-classes, cases of nervous exhaustion, hysteria, etc., are frequent, in which the lack of proper nourishment has greatly aided in the production of the disease. There are multitudes of seamstresses who chiefly subsist upon bread and tea. Under these circumstances, the impoverished blood fails to nourish the nerve-centres, and headache, hysterical symptoms, and other manifestations of lowered nerve-tone soon manifest themselves.

As either extreme in food-taking is capable of doing injury, what should be the food of the brain-worker, and is there any especial diet to which he should adhere? The answer to the second part of this double question is: There is no food especially adapted to nourish the organ of thought; no peculiar diet for the brain-worker. He or she should eat such food as other rational beings eat, avoiding excess, but always eating sufficient: bearing in mind the fact that while Nature provides for getting rid of an excess of food from the system, she has no means of making up a deficiency: remembering, also, that a mixed diet, with plenty of vegetables and fruit—meat usually not more than twice a day—is the best.

## Art at Home.

AROUND one's ain fireside clusters all that is pleasantest in a lifetime of recollections. How important is it, then, to make this the most inviting spot in the room.

The people who are so fortunate as to be able to gather before the wide-opened fire-place, with its piles of seasoned hickory, may dispense with other ministers of cheerfulness and beauty.

But such a fireplace is the exception. In most modern homes the cold marble mantelpiece, with its black register, is the rule; but a few judicious touches have transformed this barren spot into a thing of beauty. A little taste and a limited purse can work wonders, as may be seen in the following:

A board covered with maroon cotton velvet was fastened upon the mantel, having a well-proportioned

valance, plain or embroidered, attached to the board and hung down in front, finished with a crewel fringe, which did not cost more than twenty-five cents a yard. At the back of the mantel was a curtain of the same velvet about a half a yard deep hung on a brass rod. This curtain made a most effective background for vases, plaques, or brasswork.

Fireplace curtains running upon invisible wires or upon brass rods, beneath the mantelpiece, are made to draw before the grate or register when not in use. These curtains may be made of velvet-plush, cloth, Canton flannel, or cretonne, and may be embroidered on the edge to match the valance.

A lambrequin, or valance, should not be too long. Eight or ten inches will suffice. A gray linen one, divided into panels by hemstitching and worked

with flower-sprays, looks well for a summer mantel-cover.

When it is difficult to find fringe that will match crewel embroidery, try knotted lengths of crewel and silk placed at intervals along the edge, or fringe of combed-out crewel. A band of narrow braid or velvet, done with buttonhole stitch in different silks, is useful as a finish. A pine shelf just above the mantel, painted black and varnished, is a wonderful improvement, and will hold fans, jugs, cups, etc.

**Bracket for a Vase.**—A square bracket in ebonized wood has an oblong drapery of maize-colored silk, edged with crimson velvet and embroidered with red and white clover and hovering butterflies.

**Huge Chinese palm-fans,** made of the natural leaf and stem of the palm, painted in gay bands of red,

blue, and green, are sometimes found and are rather effective when crossed upon the wall above the door or window.

**Cashmere shawls** are used a good deal for portieres. Brass rings are sewn on one end, and the drapery is suspended upon a rod of brass to flow free or else to be looped back by cords made to match. Should the shawl be too long for the door, one end can be turned over for a heading, and the rings can be sewn to a tape, stitched on the shawl to prevent tearing.

**Gray** is the prevailing color for new upholsteries. Some of them have a blue tinge, others are pure silver, and still others are a mixture of black and brown with white steel gray; iron gray and mouse color are phases of the new shade.

## Nancy Needlework.

### PRETTY CROCHET WORK.

**U**SE a fine steel crochet needle and No. 50 cotton. Make a chain of 10 stitches. Turn, catch the needle through the 4th stitch from the beginning and make 1 "post," double crochet—that is, a double stitch formed by wrapping the thread around the needle once, the thread thus wrapped and the stitch already upon the needle actually forming two stitches. Chain 3, 1 double crochet through the same stitch, chain 3 again, and again a double crochet through the same stitch; repeat until you have chained 3 three times and have 4 double-crochet "posts" in the same stitch. Chain 5, turn, catch the needle through the opening formed by the chain of 3, connecting the 2d and 3d double crochet posts, and work 1 double-crochet post around this chain; then chain 3, and proceed as before until you have chained 3 four times, and have 4 double-crochet posts in the same opening, or over the same chain of 3.

Turn 1 double crochet over the chain of 3, connecting the 2d and 3d double-crochet posts of the previous row. Chain 3, 1 double crochet over the same chain of 3; repeat until you have chained 3 three times and have 4 double-crochet posts over the same chain of 3.

Next chain 1, 1 double crochet over the chain of 5, connecting the 2 previous rows; chain 1; 1 double crochet; repeat until you have chained 1 ten times, and have 9 double-crochet posts over the same chain of 5. Catch the last 1 chain through the first stitch of the foundation chain of 10.

Turn, chain 5, make 1 plain crochet over the next chain of 1 in the previous row; repeat until you have chained 5 eight times and made 8 plain crochet stitches over the succeeding chains of 1. Finish the row by chaining 1, then working 4 double-crochet posts, alternating with chains of 3, over the chain of 3 connecting the 2d and 3d double-crochet posts of the previous row; chain 3.

This forms one scallop and part of the body of a beautiful, open lace resembling Cluny or Maltese. The resemblance may be heightened by using 60s linen thread instead of cotton. The pattern may be greatly modified, and from this point it may be finished in several ways.

For a narrow edging, continue as above until the desired length is attained. Then fasten the thread at either end of the work already completed; chain 10, 1 plain crochet through the opening in the succeeding point; so continue throughout the extent of the lace. This forms the edge by which the finished work is to be sewn on, and it also completes the pattern, by forming a row of half-diamonds for a heading. As will be

seen, the body of the pattern consists of a number of irregular triangles, the scallop displays spokes radiating like those of a wheel, a circular opening in the centre, and a number of tiny points on the edge.

To make a wider lace: At the beginning of the work, add a chain of 10, forming one line with the original chain of 10. Form a group of 4 double-crochet posts, alternating with chains of 3, beside the first one. Continue to form these groups of posts and chains exactly parallel to the groups already formed, so that the upper points of the lower row of the work will meet the lower points of the upper row of the work. Join the points thus:

Having finished the group of 4 posts, whose direction is toward the row already completed, chain 1; catch the needle through the opening of the opposite point of the upper row, fasten the thread; again chain 1. This is equivalent to the chain of 3 in turning between rows where no catching is necessary. So continue throughout the extent of the lace, adding a second row of irregular triangles, and forming a series of open diamonds through the centre of the work. Finish by adding the chain as in the narrow lace, thus making a heading of half-diamonds in addition to the whole ones of the pattern. The lace may be further widened by the addition of as many rows as desired, before putting on the chain.

It will be observed that the collection of open diamonds and irregular triangles may be easily varied. Without the scallop, or by other arrangements, it may be enlarged to any extent, and worked into shapes resembling rie-rac or used to take its place.

### NEEDLEWORK NOVELTIES.

**A baby carriage robe** can be made of white flannel. It should be finished around the edge with a deep hem; feather-stitch the hem with white or colored silk, then make a large bow of number twelve satin ribbon, tie this gracefully, and lay on the robe near the centre, and then, with fancy stitches, fasten the bow, both loops and ends, to the flannel; work all around as if it were appliqued work.

**A drawing-room mantel-cover** was made of Pompeian red plush, the square corners adorned with inlet appliques of Turkish embroidery, the finish a fringe of 60s cotton strands, edging an insertion of 60s lace, heavily worked with silks.

**Oblongs of gray linen** have been embroidered in crewel to insert in door panels; and gold paper painted



over a ground of Chinese white, with sketchy wild-flowers in water-color, is also used for this purpose.

**Old-gold Turkish satin.**—With a Renaissance pattern applied in garnet velvet edged with gold twist makes a handsome valance for the drawing-room mantel.

**Knitted Lace.**—Put on eleven stitches. First row—Knit plain. Second row—Slip 1, knit 2, put thread twice around the needle, narrow, bring thread forward, narrow, knit 2. Third row—Bring thread forward, knit 2, purl 1, knit 2, purl 1, knit 3, thread forward, knit 2. Fourth row—Slip 1, knit 2, bring thread forward, narrow, knit plain to the end. Fifth row—Cast off 3, knit 7, bring thread forward, narrow, knit 2, repeat from the second row.

In preparing table-covers for square and round tables there is room for the display of taste. Stamped velvet or plush is fashionable. In selecting colors the form of the table should not be overlooked. The centre of a square table should have but one color, the corners thereof another, and the intervening side pieces a third. Popular shades are peacock blue, rich red, and old gold. Designs are admissible in velvet, satin, etc. Alternate sections of gold and plush look well on a round table. Wreaths of vine, briar, roses, etc., worked in with natural colors, look well.

**Wall Pockets.**—Very effective pockets or catch-alls are made of old straw wide-brimmed hats. Buy at the druggist's or fancy dealer's a bottle of liquid-gilt, and put it all over the outside of the hat with a camel's-hair brush. Let it dry thoroughly, and then line the brim with satin, and in place of a crown lining make the satin to form a bag and draw with a drawing-cord and tassels. Turn the hat up on one side and put on a large bunch of dried grasses and ribbon, also a few wild-flowers.

For those who have not seen them, children's little wooden pails with fancy pictures on or painted in water-colors, and finished at the top, with satin frilled on to form a bag. They are very pretty and inexpensive.

**Cap Basket.**—A basket of this description is very useful for elderly ladies who dwell in the country and carry their caps when dining out, and it is also useful for carrying about fancy work, etc.

A round is formed of silver paper, it is lined, and at each side there is a crimson silk or satin bag, drawn with a silk cord. If preferred, cardboard covered with Java canvas and worked in cross-stitch can be substituted for the silver paper.

**Postage-stamp Case.**—The material is perforated cardboard. The inside case is made the exact size to hold the stamps folded. The outside case is made large enough to hold the inner case. After stitching the sides and bottom together, work over with purse-silk; any little fancy picture glued in the centre will answer. The inner case has a loop worked in button-hole stitch for pulling out. This case is intended to be carried in a purse. This case is also prettily made of velvet and embroidered, scalloping the edges of the outside case and buttonhole stitching the two pieces together, the inside case to be made straight, no matter what the design of the outside one may be.

**Mantel Valance.**—Cover a board the desired size with Canton flannel or felt. Then cut a valance the desired shape, tacking it round the edge of the board with white or brass-headed nails. Finish the edge of the valance with a large cord covered with a bias piece. Then trim it round with long peacock feathers, laid in clusters.

**Linen Chest.**—Take a common packing trunk, line the inside with unbleached muslin, and cover the lid on top with the same quite loosely, and then between

the wood and the covering stuff a sufficient quantity of curled hair to make the top rise and have a good shape; then cover the whole with cretonne or rep, laying round the lid and side a wide band of some other goods to correspond, bordering the edge of the band with cord, and a deep worsted fringe and two cords and tassels on the front. At each corner and in the centre or sides of cover glue on large transfer flowers, to be procured at any fancy store where worsteds are kept. This chest is convenient to lay dresses in and will keep them in better order than hanging in a closet.

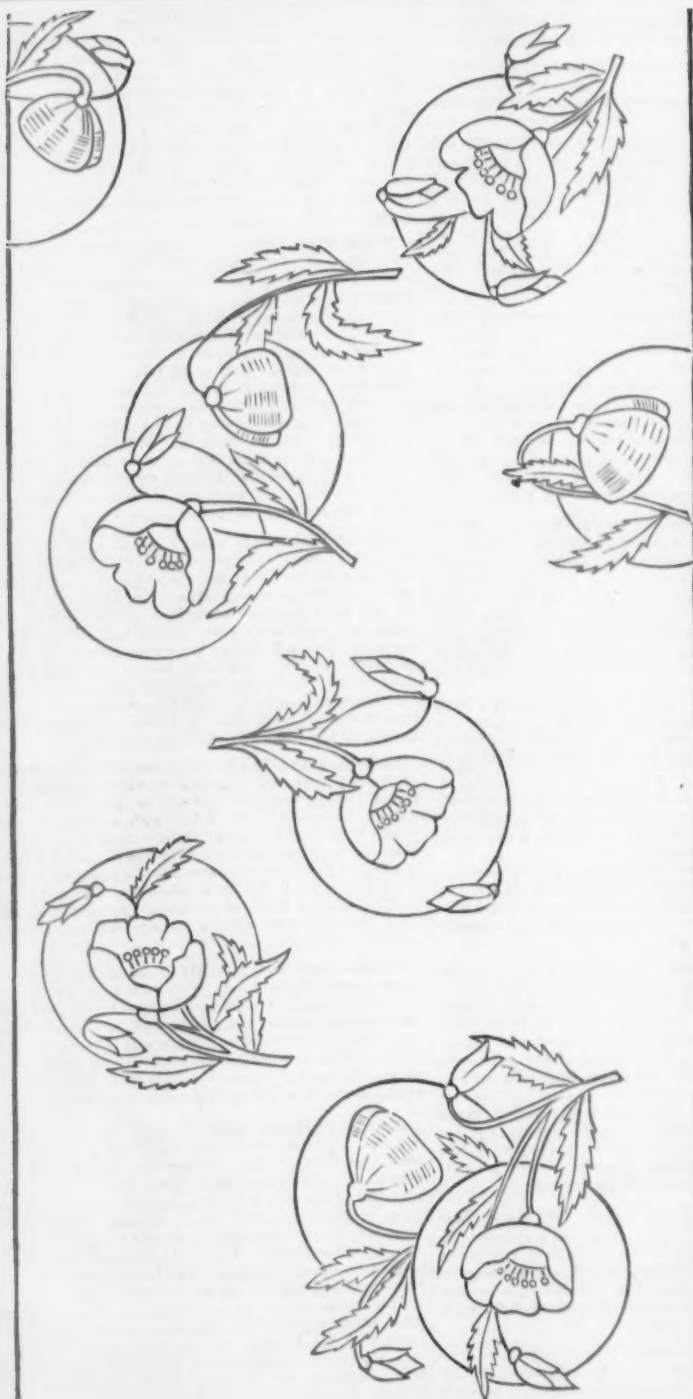
**Work Bag.**—Materials: Java canvas, fancy ribbons, floss, and two ivory rings. Take a piece of Java worsted canvas one yard long and half a yard wide, fringe out one end of it; then lay on three rows of fancy plush and silver ribbon, and work different patterns on each edge of ribbon with floss. On the opposite end put only two rows of ribbon, and work the floss on the edges. Gather the end on the inside, and finish with three silk balls. The end fringed, lay it flat and stitch it across, then sew the selvages together, leaving an opening in the centre nine inches in length to put the work in. Put the rings on and slide back and forth the same as those used on a purse. If ivory rings cannot be had, take the rubber rings used by babies, and crochet a network over them or cover with the fancy ribbon.

**Child's Ball.**—Take a large ball of yarn or a very thin rubber one. Commence the cover of worsted by making a chain of four stitches joined to a circle, and work in double stitches, increasing at regular intervals till the work is large enough to cover one-half the ball; then work a few rows without increase, draw the cover over the ball, letting the wrong side of the work be outside, and work the other half to correspond with the first half, decreasing at regular intervals, and putting the needle in from the inside. A pattern of bright flowers worked with worsted round the centre adds greatly to the ball's attractions to a child.

**Shoe-bags and Boxes.**—Shoe-bags, after the model of the old-fashioned ones made of holland, stitched in compartments, may be rendered a little more ornamental by using crash, lined with turkey-red and bound with scarlet worsted braid. Upon each pocket is worked a spray of carnations in crewel. Shoe-boxes, sometimes preferred, may be made of a pine box, neatly lined with turkey-red, with crash for lid, and sides worked in cross-stitch with crewels and tacked on the edge, finished with narrow, black velvet and secured with gilt-headed nails.

**Candle-stand Cover.**—This is made of a square of olive momic-cloth, edged with tufted crewel-fringe. A border, formed of alternate squares of old gold and olive sateen, joined like patch-work, is wrought with sprays of blue periwinkle, flowers and foliage forming a vine. The same flowers are scattered here and there upon the centre of the cloth. This cover may be made of any size and is very pretty when complete.

A pretty *duchesse* table is made by covering a common pine stand with pink silecia and putting over that a flounce of fine cheese-cloth embroidered in crewel, with the brown stems, green leaves, and pink blossoms of the wild rose, in a graceful vine. A linen strip or scarf, hem-stitched in squares, worked with detached roses, leaves, and buds, and fringed at either end, lay across the top. One of the small, old-fashioned, mahogany dressing-glasses, with brass mountings and three drawers, was set upon the cover, and over the mirror hung, tent-wise, a cheese-cloth drape lined with pink, edged with lace, and embroidered with roses, like the flounce. A lace pin-cushion in pink, two brass dragon candlesticks, with pink wax-candles, ivory brushes, and old-glass bottles completed the fitting-up of this pretty bit of furniture.



DISK DESIGN.

**Disk Design.**—This design is the newest fancy for decorating the ends of tidies, table-scarfs, towels, etc. It is very effective when done with silk or crewel in outline-stitch—the disks in old gold, the poppies in shaded red, and the leaves in shaded green. Size of design, 20 by 10 inches. Stamped on paper, 45 cents.

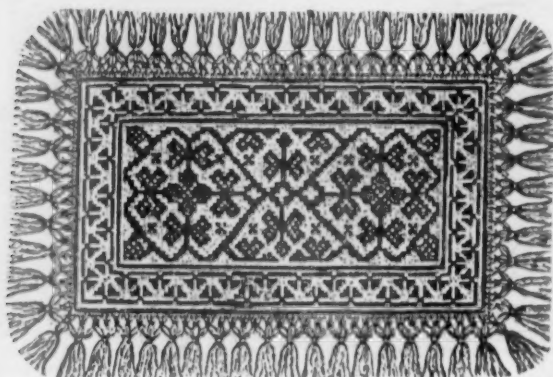
**Dogwood Blossoms.**—The full-page design given on the opposite page is intended for a screen. It can be worked either in outline or crewel stitch on silk, satin, plush, cloth, linen, crash, or any material suitable for a screen. The blossoms should be worked in white and sage, with yellow centres. Leaves and stems shaded in greens. Size of design, 23 by 15 inches. Stamped on paper, \$1.00.



DESIGN FOR SCREEN—POWDERED HILSON'S

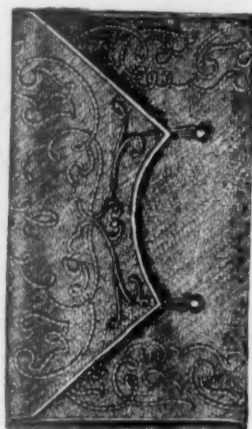
green. Size of design, 20 by 10 inches. Stamped on paper, 45 cents.

worked in white and sage, with yellow centres. Leaves and stems shaded in sage. Size of design, 23 by 15 inches. Stamped on paper, \$1.00.



TRAY-COVER.

Tray-cover of fine linen, with border of knotted fringe. The embroidery is in colored washing cottons, blue or red, worked in cross-stitch.



COMB AND BRUSH CASE.

Comb and Brush Case.—Made of canary-colored

Java canvas, worked fancy pattern with blue worsted. The inside lined with blue cambric; pockets made according to size of combs and brushes. For protecting the brushes from dust on a dressing-table these cases are most useful.

## Fashion Department

### FASHION NOTES.

**Street Dresses.**—Dresses for the street are now made of silk and wool, silk and velvet, or entirely of wool, an all-silk costume being now deemed unsuitable for outdoor wear in winter. The one popular dress for all occasions, short of full dress, is the plain, or tailor-made, cloth suit.

**Rough woolen materials** are now largely used for skirts, wraps, or even whole costumes. Some of these shaggy fabrics are dark colored, others shot or checked with small dashes of bright hues upon dark grounds. Some of these materials are called Bisons, or buffalo and horse-blanket cloths. Some of them are not a whit more beautiful than the coarsest blanket, but they are very expensive, coming as high as \$2.50 per yard. As the materials are double width, however, it would take but a small quantity of Bison cloth to be combined with plain wool or cashmere, the former making the skirt, the latter the overdress.

**All-wool Dresses.**—These are usually of two contrasting materials, as plain chuddah or cashmere, with brocade or embroidered wool. The plain material may be garnet or olive, perhaps, while the gayer one may have a garnet or olive ground, woven or otherwise diversified with pink or yellow silken figures.

**Indoor Costumes.**—Trains are revived for reception or other full-dress toilettes, but are still inadmissible in simpler costumes. New full-dress costumes are of figured velvets or satins, displaying several colors, copying after nature all the hues of the floral world. Raised rosebuds or autumn leaves upon plain satin grounds are of velvet, in their own shades of green, pink, crimson, and orange. Other floral designs are of colored beads, the beads woven directly upon the material. Golden and copper-hued velvets and satins are often combined with real Indian shawls, one corner forming the apron-front, another the back drapery and

train, and the pieces the trimming for waist and sleeves. Altogether, if outdoor costumes are plainer than ever, evening ones seem to make up for the difference in exhibiting unusual splendor.

**Evening Dresses for Young Ladies.**—Cream and pearl whites have given place to pale pinks and yellows for simpler evening dresses. Richer costumes for young ladies are of brocade satins, covered with delicate-tinted flowers.

**Styles in Dressmaking.**—The tendency this winter is to reduce voluminous draperies. Fewer puffs than usual are seen as skirt-trimmings, and loopings over the tournure are less. The long wraps now in vogue favor this style. A new method of trimming plain materials is with horizontal folds, hanging loosely so as to resemble tucks.

**Winter Wraps.**—The long redingote of cloth, plainly made and covering the whole figure, remains popular. The other usual style is the long dolman, with square sleeves. New materials for wraps are cashmere cloth, a soft woolen material in light colors, somewhat like an India shawl, and Turkish cloth, a light woolen fabric with raised loops upon its surface, like Turkish toweling. The standard cloths, however, are still, as always, in favor for cloakings. The fancy still prevails of making India, Paisley, and other handsome shawls up in the form of wraps.

**Furs.**—Sealskin is still the leading fur. The Alaska seals lately imported are richer and finer than any that have been seen for years. Sealskins are now generally made up in the form of the long, square-sleeved dolman and trimmed with a bordering of beaver, silver-pointed lynx, or other fur. Silver-pointed furs are those which have white hairs sewn among their own dark ones. Uncolored sealskin will be much worn, often to trim the colored variety. A novelty is a dolman of dark sealskin, with trimmings and vest-front of uncolored seal. Among the new furs



are musquash, skunk, and opossum, dividing favor with the better known sable, bear, raccoon, and black and red fox. Plain mantles of black velvet are often trimmed with these furs. Heavy feather trimmings, made of the plumage of the peacock, the partridge, or the domestic cock, are often as handsome as fur and are used in the same way.

**Novel Fur-trimmings.**—One of these is a ball-trimming, made of balls of fur, to edge a small fur cape for a young lady. Another is a rope of sealskin wound with gimp or passamenterie, instead of the plain silk trimming heretofore used.

**Muffs.**—As usual, these are made of fur to match the garment, all-fur or only fur trimmed, with which it is worn. But more novel ones are all of feathers, to match the feather-trimming on the mantle or to match the bonnet. Other muffs are of satin or velvet, decorated with lace, ribbon, flowers, etc., according to fancy.

**Hats and Bonnets.**—These are rather larger than before, and are generally made of felt to match the leading color of any costume. The latest style is the Henri III hat, with high, tapering crown and broad, rolling brim. A felt hat is generally trimmed with velvet of the same shade, with a bird or feather ornament harmonizing. The present fancy is for a touch of brown, lightening into bronze and golden shades. Birds and feather-ornaments are used in preference to real tips and plumes. Velvet flowers will be worn. Buckles, clasps, etc., are of jet or cut steel.

**Novel Bonnets.**—A novelty in millinery, lately introduced by French modistes, consists in the use of black English crape, lined with bright-colored silk or satin, for bonnets. These are said to be very effective. Another fancy is for the use of small bows, pompons, birds, and gold ornaments, carelessly disposed among the other trimmings of a bonnet.

**Children's Dresses.**—Little boys and girls, between three and seven years of age, wear short Scotch plaid skirts, with dark cloth or velvet jackets. The prevailing fancy for children's clothes is to have the entire dress, or its trimmings, of plaid.

**Petticoats.**—A new material for warm winter skirts is eider-down flannel, white or woven, in red and or-

ange stripes. Black, gray, or crimson moreen is used for petticoats to be worn next to the dress. The popular short flannel skirt is red, pink, or pale blue, with colored embroidery, or knit or crocheted lace of the same shade of Saxony yarn, for trimming. Beautiful knitted petticoats, of double sephyr or Germantown wool, are shown at the Woman's Art Exchange, Philadelphia.

**Underjackets,** to be worn for extra warmth, under the dress-waist or over the dress, next the outdoor wrap, are made of chamois-skin, white Astrachan, or light flannel. Woven jackets, of silk, for the same purpose, are woven in ribs, somewhat like the Cardigan jacket. Silk underclothing for gentlemen, ladies, and children is made in much the same way—woven as vest and drawers either in one piece or in two. A single undergarment in merino can also be purchased.

**Hosiery.**—Black stockings are still fashionable, but there is a tendency to have stockings match the dress with which they are worn. White stockings are now only used by brides and bridesmaids.

**Fancy Jewelry.**—Flowers, leaves, daggers, animals' heads, etc., of gilt, silver, jet, or other inexpensive material, are used largely upon dresses to fasten loops or hold draperies in place. As many as ten may sometimes be counted on a Paris costume. Gold or silver long pins or arrows are still used to thrust through the ends of the collar or the bow fastening the bonnet-strings.

**Veils.**—Black and white lace veils, bordered with lace or embroidery, have been revived. These are three-cornered, rounded in front, and extend to the chin, but not over it.

**Neckwear.**—Creme-lisse ruchings, taking the place of real laces, are now used for the neck and sleeves of full-dress toilettes. Elaborate creations of India mull, lace, and velvet and ribbon loops, forming immense jabots or cascades, are worn with otherwise plain toilettes. Some of these literally constitute foamy, puffy vest-fronts. Any lady having taste and dainty materials can easily make one of these for herself. A ruche or collar encircles the neck, and the jabot is attached to it by a pin at the throat—or a fancy colarette to match may be worn.

## Notes and Comments.

### The Increasing Strength of Prohibition.

WE give below the sober reflections and conclusions wrought in the mind of the editor of a Republican daily newspaper of this city by the enormous Prohibition vote polled in Ohio at the October election. It shows, in a representative partisan paper, a remarkable change of tone and sentiment as compared with what existed a year or two back:

"The Ohio election ought to be a lesson to the friends of beer and moderate drinking. Such have a habit of talking about Prohibitionists as 'fanatics' and 'visionaries.' Ohio, at the last election, had three hundred and twenty thousand six hundred and eight 'fanatics and visionaries.' They numbered a majority of every vote the State has cast but two; they appeared in every city and town; they were in sweeping majority in many counties, carrying seven Democratic counties; in the great cities, German as they are, they were numbered by tens of thousands; they represented the vital forces of the community. In property, in morality, in education, nobody questions,

nobody can question, that they stood for an overwhelming majority of the State. Take them away, and Ohio would be poor indeed. Liquor is not necessary, nor beer nor beer-sellers, nor all the woe and want and crime of the saloon or the cheer and mirth of the beer-garden; but these men and their like and kind are. They stand for the sober, moral strength of the community. No man nor men nor cause can afford to trifle with them. \* \* \*

"Once persuade an American community that the only way to regulate liquor-selling and beer-drinking is to prohibit both, and both will be prohibited. Prohibition looks like a far-cry in this State; but once let there be such a foolish and wicked opposition to the taxation and control of liquor-selling as appeared in Ohio, and Pennsylvania will poll not a vote less than four hundred thousand ballots for a prohibitory amendment—might even pass it. The Ohio election ought, therefore, to show that wide circle of opponents to prohibition who are seeking, not free whisky, but the open beer-garden, that their wise course, their only course, is to join hands in checking and restraining the traffic, in levying a fair tax on its profits, in preventing it from shocking the community Sunday or

any other day. Instead, this class—and it includes our best German citizens—is too apt to be led away into the denunciation, the opposition, and the agitation against all regulation of the liquor traffic, which, in Ohio, polled three hundred and twenty thousand six hundred and eight votes last week."

All this is conceding a great deal for the representative of a party, which, like its political rival in the field, would keep, if possible, all moral and social issues away from the polls, and shows that the people want more from the lawmakers of the nation than mere protection for property and provision for the restraint and punishment of crime. They want legislation to rise to a higher level—to be imbued, as it has never yet been, with a true Christian humanity. They ask for and will have, sooner or later, efficient laws to restrain evil and prevent crime—laws that will protect the community from those who, utterly regardless of the common good, are ready to make gain out of the ruin of others.

As to high license, or any license at all, that expedient has never met the liquor-traffic evil effectually, and never will. There is only one way to deal with it, and that is to suppress it wholly. "Only persuade an American community," says our editor, "that the only way to regulate liquor-selling is to prohibit it, and it will be prohibited." American communities are being rapidly persuaded that there is no other way, and when that conviction becomes thoroughly established in the minds of the people, the traffic will have to go.

### Refined Taste in Dress.

**T**RUE taste in dress is as rare as true refinement in character. Both are exceptional in the fashionable people one meets in public places.

"The attire of a real gentlewoman," writes a lady correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, "the truly refined and sensible of her sex, is never in the height of fashion. The first study of such a woman is to seek the becoming, her second thought the good, and her last what is merely fashionable. She cleverly adapts the fashion to herself. She will not stoop to make herself a mere figure for the modiste to hang her wares on. She has a law in her own mind higher than the law of fashion. She wears many nice things, but probably the most becoming of them have been fashioned by her own taste, frequently finished, perhaps, by her own deft fingers, or at least she has carefully superintended their manufacture. Many an envious neighbor may have glanced at her tasteful toilets, cynically observing: 'Her poor husband working so hard and she spending his earnings in French fripperies!' All this while her costume is rarely rich, never very costly, often not even new, for the genuine gentlewoman remembers the bread-winner and homemaker, the husband who toils.

"But whatever she wears is prettily made and never decked with gaudy tinsel, trumpery lace, and sham jewels. All is fresh and simple, good of their kind, collars, cuffs, frills, and gloves alike faultless. After all, there is no great art in her fashions or in her materials. Her secret consists in her knowing the three great unities of dress—her own station, her own age, and her own good points. Above all, she takes care that her plainest and cheapest dress shall be well cut. She need not be beautiful or even accomplished, but we will answer for her being even tempered, sensible, and that very rare jewel in the present fast-going days, a 'perfect lady,' a 'gentlewoman' in its fullest and best sense."

### A Noble Example.

**T**HE old adage that "Corporations have no souls" does not always hold good. That great corporation, the Pennsylvania Railroad, does look after the mental and physical well-being of its employees, setting a good example that might be worthily followed by cities and other large organized bodies, in the care of their policemen, teachers, clerks, and working-people generally.

At its principal depot in Philadelphia the Railroad Company has provided pleasant quarters for the use of its conductors and others employed on passenger-trains when off duty or away from home. These include bath-rooms, dressing-rooms, and comfortable sleeping-apartments, besides a large, handsomely furnished library and reading-room, supplied with a collection of several hundred books and all the leading periodicals of the day. For the use of these the Company makes no charge. It also supplies the men with tickets, so that they can obtain their meals at the railroad restaurant at reduced rates.

At one of the smaller stations in Philadelphia there is a building intended for the sole use of freight employees. This is occupied by bath-rooms, sleeping-rooms, and a large library and reading room, almost as fine as the one intended for the passenger employees. Similar buildings are at Harrisburg and Altoona. For the use of these the Company makes no charge, the only restrictions being that employees profiting by these advantages must conduct themselves properly and show that they do appreciate the efforts made to improve their condition.

### Education for All.

**W**E wish to call the attention of our readers, especially ambitious young men and women of moderate means, to the existence, advantages, and aims of the Pennsylvania State College. This Institution is situated about the centre of the State, in one of the loveliest mountain-regions of the Alleghenias.

The climate is said to be one of the healthiest in the world, such a thing as malaria being unknown. The extensive college-grounds form part of the beautiful Nittany Valley, bounded by the Nittany range of mountains on the east and the Bald Eagle on the west.

The college-building is a massive, imposing, five-story structure of light brown-stone, with outspreading wings and a picturesque cupola, the whole surrounded by beautiful, well-wooded grounds. Embowered in the trees near by are the attractive residences of the professors. Opposite the campus is the pretty village of State College, with store, post-office, hotel, and blacksmith-shop. State College is on a turnpike-road leading to the mountain-town of Bellefonte, and is reached by a stage-journey of twelve miles from the town.

It is not generally known that this college is endowed by the State of Pennsylvania to the amount of a million dollars. Consequently, tuition, except for music, is free, the chief expenses to students being for room-rent, books, stationery, and materials for labora-

tory practice. Board and washing, however, are private matters outside of the jurisdiction of the College proper, but the rates for these are very low. There are fifty free scholarships, each controlled by a Pennsylvania State Senator. Each Senator is allowed to send a student, male or female, to the College, provided he or she is prepared to enter the Freshman Class and is an actual resident of the State of Pennsylvania. The holder of a State-scholarship is excused from paying room-rent, or is credited with forty dollars per year. In all other respects, the College is open to young men and women of good moral character everywhere.

There is a preparatory school of two years. This partially covers grammar-school and high-school studies. Any boy or girl seeking admission to this must be at least fourteen years old and prepared to pass a satisfactory examination in reading, writing, arithmetic as far as proportion, geography, and grammar. There are several distinct college-courses of four years each. These are divided into scientific, literary, chemical, physical, and classical. Special attention is given to science and literature, instruction being afforded in chemistry, agriculture, botany, zoology, physics, civil engineering, and modern languages. Those who wish may select partial courses. All are open to young men and young women alike. The College was formerly known as the State Agricultural College; but, nine years ago, the term "agricultural" was dropped, not because agriculture was omitted from the list of studies, but because other subjects were included, thus enlarging the College's aims.

The class-rooms and laboratories are well fitted-up; the grounds, ornamental and experimental, neatly laid out. The College has a fine library, and there are, in addition, two smaller libraries, belonging to the two literary societies, the Washington and Crosson. Male students engage in military drill three times a week. Religious services are held every Sunday in the chapel.

Students generally room in the building, two occupying one dormitory. The young ladies live in a wing by themselves, under the care of an efficient lady-principal, while a very pleasant matron looks after the personal needs of boys and girls alike. Students provide their own bedding, towels, carpet, lamp, and toilet-articles, and keep their own rooms in order. Male students, unless excused from tactics by reason of physical disability or conscientious scruples, are required to wear a cadet uniform during military drill. Students who wish to board themselves are aided in doing so, the College providing kitchens for their use, with fire and water, without charge. Some students take their meals with private families in the neighborhood, while others join an association of students, by which means the cost of board can be greatly reduced, the College furnishing the dining-room and kitchen used.

A little arithmetic will soon show that the cost of living and studying at the Pennsylvania State College will scarcely exceed that of staying at home. Every student, unless holding a scholarship, pays to the College the sum of forty dollars per year for room-rent. Board with the College Club costs two dollars per week, or seventy-eight dollars for a school-year of thirty-nine weeks; with private families, three dollars; self-

boarding, one dollar per week. Say ten dollars for books and stationery, and a student's expenses, exclusive of clothing, etc., need not average more than from ninety to one hundred and seventy dollars per school-year. This may be increased to any sum between one hundred and sixty-five and two hundred and fifty dollars by the addition of some or all of the following items: Music, ten dollars per term and three dollars per term for use of piano or organ; uniform, sixteen dollars; washing, fifty cents per dozen pieces. Laboratory expenses and assessments for damages, extra.

The distance from any large town, the good discipline, as well as the moderate charges, seem to take away all temptations to extravagance. By special law no intoxicating liquors can be sold within two miles of the College.

There are three terms in a year, one opening in September, one in January, and one in April. Students can be admitted at any time, if prepared to pass an examination for the class that they wish to enter. There is a daily stage, carrying the mail, to and from Bellefonte and State College, and a telephone connecting the two points.

The president is Dr. George W. Atherton, a most capable manager and a true friend of the young, willing to give all needed advice at any time. Address, State College, Centre County, Pa.

### "Forty Winks."

THE rather humorous phrase, "Only forty winks," is sometimes used by one caught napping in the day-time as an excuse for indulgence in a brief slumber. Our brisk young sailor in the picture, apparently just home from a long voyage, and coming unannounced, finding his sweetheart, the pretty cook, happily yielding to drowsy unconsciousness on her seat before the fire, may say to himself, "She's just having forty winks." It is lucky for Jack; he has brought a twig of mistletoe in his pocket, and he does not scruple to surprise his darling girl with a hearty smack of his loving lips, this time under the sanction of that mystical Christmas plant. She will start up waking, but in no displeasure—rather to enjoy the unexpected delight of her sweetheart's presence instead of dreaming about him, as she did a few moments since; for we see by the pictures she has hung on the kitchen wall—that of his ship and the portrait of himself—there are sufficient tokens that Jack and Mary are an honestly plighted pair of lovers; and we shall all heartily wish them a happy wedding at no very distant day.

### A Rare Orchid.

THERE is at present in bloom in Horticultural Hall, West Park, Philadelphia, a wonderful orchid, the famous "Flower of the Holy Ghost." Its leaves are clustered and sheathing, somewhat like those of the familiar yucca, or Adam's needle, only more grassy in textures. The blossoms are pure white and waxy, borne aloft on a tall spike, several feet in height, about ten flowers arranged perpendicularly upon the stalk. These blossoms are nearly of the size of a silver dollar, and are turned sidewise, so as to form, as it were, an arching canopy. In the centre of

this white flower, immediately under the arch, nestles a tiny white dove, with head, beak, breast, and wings as perfectly formed as though chiseled. The wings are delicately spotted with crimson. The blossom is spicyly fragrant, filling the room in which it is displayed with its perfume.

This orchid is native to Mexico and Central America, and is the special object of superstitious reverence in these countries. The people living there believe that if plucked with a prayer the flower will confer a blessing, but carelessly, a curse. The Spanish name of the plant is *El Spirito Santo*; the botanical one, *Peristeria elata*.

### Capital for Working Boys.

**T**HIS is the title of a new book written by Mrs J. E. McConaughy, so well known to the readers of the *HOME MAGAZINE* for her sensible views of life and the practical way she has of treating all subjects relating to our social well-being. It is written in her pleasing and attractive style, and can scarcely fail to lead every boy and young man who reads it into an effort to make the most and best of himself—to enable him see that all true success in life rests on virtue, honor, temperance, faithfulness to duty, and that manly strength of character which sets its foot upon and rises above the lower propensities of our nature. It is published by James H. Earle, Boston, Mass. Price, \$1.00.

### Amber.

**T**HE following facts in regard to this substance will interest curious readers: Amber is the fossil resin produced by upward of six kinds of coniferous trees in prehistoric times. Two of these trees, of which immense forests covered the regions now producing amber, have been proved to be nearly related to the existing Weymouth pine and the modern fir-tree. While the wood of the trees rotted away, the resin oozed out of the stem of the tree as well as out of the roots and was deposited eventually in immense quantities in the soil. In some of the pieces of the amber, bits of the wood and bark of the trees are found imbedded, and through this lucky accident have been preserved from decay. On examining this wood with the microscope, it is at once apparent that the trees were, as intimated above, closely related to our modern conifers, but were not absolutely identical with any of the existing species. Ages ago, the whole region now covered by the eastern part of the Baltic Sea was covered by these amber-producing trees.

The largest European amber deposits are found on the Baltic shores of Northeastern Prussia. There, about eighty tons a year are at present dug up and the supply appears practically inexhaustible. Since the beginning of the century it is calculated that over sixteen hundred tons have been produced there; and if the production, as some contend, has been going on for three thousand years, the total quantity produced in that period cannot, it is calculated, have been less than sixty thousand tons. The amber is found in isolated pieces, varying from the smallest beads up to blocks of many pounds in weight. The largest piece ever discovered weighs thirteen and a half pounds and is now in the Royal Mineral Cabinet in Berlin. The industry of amber-digging is one of very great importance for Prussia, and it is calculated that the amber district of that country still contains a quantity which, at an average value of five shillings per pound, is worth no less than two hundred and fifty million pounds sterling.

### New Books.

**OUR YOUNG FOLKS' PLUTARCH.** Edited by Rosalie Kaufman. Pp. 460, with illustrations and maps. Extra cloth. Price, \$3.00. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

**TWO YEARS AT HILLSBORO.** By Julia Nelson. Pp. 287. Extra cloth, \$1.25. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

**BIBLE STORIES FOR YOUNG CHILDREN.** By Caroline Hadley, Author of *Children's Sayings, Stories of the Apostles*. Pp. 423, with illustrations. Price, \$1.00. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

**HIS SOMBER RIVALS.** By Edward P. Roe, Author of *Barriers Burned Away*, etc. Pp. 487. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

**YOUNG FOLKS' WHYS AND WHEREFORES.** By Uncle Lawrence. Profusely illustrated. Royal octavo, extra cloth, \$2.00. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

### A Safe Treatment.

**I**N freedom from all shocks, exhausting reactions, or drug poisoning, the Compound Oxygen Treatment stands alone, with the single exception of that administered by the homeopathic school of medicine. It never leaves a patient in a worse condition than that in which it found him, but always in some smaller or larger degree better. It sends its subtle agent to the invisible centres of life, where diseases originate through obstructions in the first wonderfully minute organic forms which receive life from the soul, and removes the obstructions which were hindering its perfect reception and dispensation to the whole body. These removed, the influent life descends again, and health is restored. This is the simple philosophy of cure which lies at the foundation of the Oxygen Treatment. Any other method of cure is attacking effects and not causes, and in all of its varied forms is more or less hurtful to the body.

That disastrous results to health follow, in a large number of cases, the administration of crude drugs by physicians, is too well known. There is scarcely a person in any community who cannot point you to some relative, friend, or neighbor who is a sufferer from this cause. Many of these have been wounded past recovery and doomed to a life of suffering and weary invalidism. Of this class are large numbers of the patients who resort to the use of Compound Oxygen, and they are the most difficult to help; but even these find, with few exceptions, a measure of relief under the effects of this Treatment, and many of them, when there is enough vitality remaining, come slowly back along the road to health. Could anything show more conclusively that it is based on the true law of cure, viz.: that which regards causes and not effects: which goes to the internal seat and origin of disease, instead of attacking with violence the suffering body and reducing its strength—nay, worse, setting up within it, in too many instances where crude drugs are taken, a new disease which may prove a worse enemy than the one sought to be dislodged?



## THE PRUDENT MOTHER

always keeps a bottle of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL in the house, and by so doing saves herself many anxious and sleepless hours. When the baby is breathing hoarsely at night, and the mother's quick ear recognizes croup in the sound, she administers AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which relieves the obstructed breathing and soothes the child to healthful slumber. The thoughtless mother, who does not keep AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL in the house, sits up all night trying various doubtful remedies on the poor baby, and may well be thankful if it is alive in the morning.

"I find nothing else so efficacious as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL in the treatment of colds and coughs, and have used it in cases of croup, asthma, and incipient consumption with great success."—DR. J. WILSON, Centerville, Iowa.

"My children have taken AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL for coughs and croup, and have found it give immediate relief, followed by cure."—MRS. T. GREGG, Lowell, Mass.

"Medical science has produced no other anodyne expectorant so good as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. It is invaluable for diseases of the throat and lungs."—PROF. F. SWEETZER (Maine Medical School), Brunswick, Me.

When the prudent mother's children are attacked by whooping cough, she gives them AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which relieves the severity of the disease and shortens its duration. The thoughtless mother, who does not have at hand AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, when her children are attacked and are almost coughing up their little spines, lamentingly wonders why they always have so much worse attacks than fall to the lot of other people's children.

"AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL affords more relief in cases of whooping cough than any other medicine."—DR. ARTHUR Y. COX, St. Louis, Mo.

"There is no other remedy which I consider so sure in its effects as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL."—DR. F. E. PAPE, Sandusky, O.

At all seasons, but especially in the winter and spring, children are liable to coughs and colds. The prudent mother at once gives to her children AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which speedily relieves and quickly cures; while the children of the thoughtless mother, who keeps none of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL on hand, continue to suffer from colds and coughs until their ailments become chronic and perhaps incurable.

"In cases of colds and coughs we take AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL and PILLS, and the inconvenience passes off like magic."—MRS. WM. C. REID, Freehold, N. J.

"The best remedy that can be had for coughs and colds is AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL."—E. M. SARGENT, Lowell, Mass.

"I use no other medicine than AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL for coughs and colds in my own family, and I unhesitatingly recommend it to my customers and friends."—G. W. PEYTON (Merchant), Keatchie, La.

"AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL is the best remedy I have ever found for coughs and colds; in fact, it never fails."—J. DEPOY, Londonderry, O.

When the prudent mother's husband brings home that bad cold which threatens to settle on his lungs, she gives him AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL and he is cured; but the thoughtless mother, who has no CHERRY PECTORAL to give her husband under like circumstances, sees him so hurried by pneumonia that he hasn't time to make his will.

"I contracted a severe cold, which rapidly developed pneumonia and presented obstinate and dangerous symptoms. My physician ordered AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. The result was a rapid and permanent cure."—H. E. SIMPSON (formerly of Fitchburgh, Ky.), Rogers, Texas.

"I was troubled with an exceedingly severe cough, which became so fixed upon me that, although I used a number of different remedies, I was unable to rid myself of it. I was going into consumption. I purchased a bottle of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and before I had used one-fourth of it was entirely cured."—W. H. THORNTON (Editor *Lawrence Journal*), Lawrence, Kan.

"We have been selling your CHERRY PECTORAL for thirteen years and find it is unsurpassed as a remedy for coughs of a chronic nature or for any sudden cold or pneumonia."—E. EAST, Coulterville, Ill.

"I took a severe cold, which lasted me through the fall and winter. After using several preparations without effect, I finally tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and before using one bottle was completely cured. I have entire confidence in it and take pleasure in recommending it to our friends and customers, many of whom have used it with the best results."—H. W. CRITTENDEN (Druggist), Burton, O.

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### THE HOME MAGAZINE.

#### TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION FOR 1884.

1 Copy, one year, . . . . .	\$3.00
2 Copies, " . . . . .	3.50
3 " " . . . . .	5.00
4 " " . . . . .	6.00
8 " " and one to club-getter, . . . . .	12.00
15 " " . . . . .	20.00

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Subscribers who wish a change of address must give notice as early as practicable after receipt of a number, and in all cases before the tenth of the succeeding month, as no change of address can be made between the tenth and twentieth of any month.

### REMOVAL.

The office of the HOME MAGAZINE has been removed from 227 South Sixth Street to 920 Walnut Street.

### THE HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1884.

We close the year with a number which will be found exceptionally rich in illustrations, as well as in all of its literary departments.

While there will be no change in the general tone, character, and style of the MAGAZINE for the coming year, many new attractions and valuable features will be introduced. The typography and illustrations, which now compare favorably with those of the more high-priced literary magazines, will be still farther improved. Our purpose is to make it the most beautiful, as well as the most interesting, of all the household magazines.

#### "HOW WOMEN CAN EARN MONEY."

A series of articles under this title, written expressly for the HOME MAGAZINE by Mrs. ELLA RODMAN CHURCH, author of "MONEY MAKING FOR LADIES," will be commenced in the January number. Included in the series will be various occupations that can be quietly carried on at home, as well in towns and cities as in the country. It is proposed to make these articles eminently practical and suggestive, and of real value to all women who desire, by personal effort, to add to their incomes.

The new serial, "BUT A PHILISTINE," from the pen of our readers' long-time favorite,

**VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,**

shows in the opening chapters the old vigor and grasp

of subject, and the subtle characterization for which she is so eminently distinguished.

All who remember "Lester's Wife," by Mrs. ISADORE ROGERS, will look with interest for a new serial story from her pen now in preparation, and which will be ready some time early in the coming year. We shall commence its publication on the completion of Miss Townsend's story.

### GOOD READING.

The HOME MAGAZINE bases its chief claim to public favor on the high, varied, and useful character of its literary matter. It is, first of all, a magazine of good reading for old and young. Its range of subjects is wide, touching the best interests of every member of the household; everything else in the magazine is subordinate to this leading idea. But none the less does it seek, through beauty and variety of illustrations and attractiveness of typography, to meet the demands of a steadily increasing taste for what is artistic and ornamental.

In response to many and repeated requests from subscribers for the EDITOR'S PORTRAIT in some number of the HOME MAGAZINE, we have arranged to give it in the January issue. It will be engraved from a recent photograph.

In the various literary and other departments of the MAGAZINE nearly all of the old favorites of our readers will be represented:

"CHATTY,"

"PIPSEY,"

"EARNEST,"

"LICHEN,"

"MADGE CARROL,"

"FAUSTINE,"

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,

ANNIE L. MUZZEY,

MARGARET B. HARVEY,

ELLA RODMAN CHURCH,

HARRIETTE WOOD,

H. S. ATWATER,

SUSAN B. LONG,

"RUTH ARGYLE,"

MRS. A. L. WASHBURN,

"BETSY BODKIN,"

ROSELLA RICE,

ISADORE ROGERS,

ELLA F. MOSBY,

ROBERT C. MEYERS,

MARY W. EARLY,

ADELAIDE STOUT,

GRACE ADELE PIERCE,

HELEN H. S. THOMPSON,

"MARJORIE MOORE,"

ISADORE BAKER,

CAROLINE D. SWAN,

S. M. HARTOUGH,

AUGUSTA DE BUBNA,

Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.

With such a corps of writers, and leading English magazines and new books to draw from when desirable, the HOME MAGAZINE for 1884 cannot fail to be replete with the highest interest nor to hold its advanced position among periodicals.

## A Home Druggist TESTIFIES.

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River St., Buckland, Mass., May 18th, 1882.

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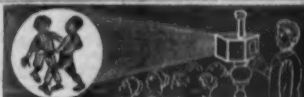


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# THE MARVELOUS WEBBER SINGING DOLL.



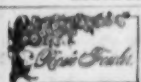
**A MECHANICAL WONDER.**—Last year we first introduced this CHARMING NOVELTY to the children of America, and it is safe to assert that no Toy ever devised attained such immediate popularity. Fully aware of its merits we had thousands of Dollars ready for the Holiday trade, notwithstanding which the supply was exhausted early in December, and hundreds of children who came to our store were disappointed. We have been accumulating stock for the past nine months, and shall endeavor this year to fill all orders the day of receipt. **The Doll has been improved in every way since last year.** Instead of the stiff German body, as in all imported dolls, our Doll has an **AMERICAN MADE BODY** with limber joints, so that it will sit easily in any position. The arm is of **Finest Kitz** with separate fingers. These are positively the finest bodies ever put in a Doll. They are of graceful and natural shape, and much better and more expensively made than the best imported bodies which they will outwear many times. **The Waxen Heads** with long hair of the best French and German make, made especially for this Doll, and they are beautiful as life, long hair, beautiful eyes, and delicately tinted cheeks. We consider them the finest Doll's Heads ever imported into this country, and that without the **Wonderful Singing Attachment** this Doll alone is **WORTH THE PRICE.** The **Singing Attachment** is concealed within the body. It is one of the most ingenious inventions of the age, its shape and location are shown in the right-hand engraving. It is a **Perfect Musical Instrument**, finely made, not liable to get out of order, and so arranged that a slight pressure causes the Doll to sing one of the following airs: "Home, Sweet Home," "Greenwillow," "There is a Happy Land," "Sweet Bye and Bye," "Bonnie Doon," "How can I leave You," "A B C Song," "America," "The Two Sisters," "Proha Jutecha," (German), "Till Ayni Rhoda," "Buy a Broom," "Yipke Doodle," "Coming Thro' the Rye," "God bless the Prince of Wales," "Grandfather's Clock," "Child's Song," "Last Rose of Summer," "Joyful Message," (German), "Old Folks at Home," "Pop Goes the Weasel," "Do Many Stars," (German), "Sleeping Child," (German), "When a Little Bird," "Cradle's Empty," "God save the Queen." Walking and talking Dolls have long been made, but they are expensive, soon out of order, and do not afford the little ones half the pleasure and entertainment that our **Wonderful Singing Doll** does, which is the **Greatest Novelty in CHILDREN'S TOYS** EVER PRODUCED, and is the most beautiful and appropriate present that can be made to a child. We can furnish three sizes. No. 1, 22 inches high, price \$12.75. No. 2, 24 inches high, larger head, price \$13.25. No. 3, 26 inches high, our best doll, price \$14.00. **Three Prices include Boxings.** All three sizes are equally perfect and complete, but the larger the Doll the larger the singing attachment, and better head. Sent to any address on receipt of price. **Fine embroidered Chemise \$5.00 extra.** The **Trade Surplus**. Address all orders to **THE MASSACHUSETTS ORGAN CO., No. 37 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.** **FINE COSTUMES** for these dolls with underclothing lace trimmed, finely made, \$3.00 to \$5.00 extra.



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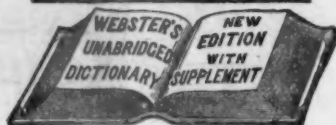
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